JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 22, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1236.
Vol. XLVII.

OVER A MILLION SALE

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Watching

does more than **washing**

The amazing oxygen washer

Watch Persil do it better, quicker than you can yourself

While you watch, Persil does the washing—as no hands can do it. Gets things *whiter*; does them quicker; and yet more gently, too.

Persil sends a million tiny bubbles into the washing water. They are oxygen. Pure, fresh oxygen—the fresh part of fresh air. And all those million bubbles are busy little hands—eager and willing to help you. Eager to do your washing for you—while you watch! They are gentler than your hands or your maid's. They are more patient, more persuasive, more persistent. They never shirk; never tire. In and out of every crease and fold, they chase the dirt away—ever so gently, but ever so surely.

Mix Persil as the packet directs. Add nothing; all the soap you need is there in Persil.

And when you see how white the things come out, remember that Persil has purified them, too!

Persil

Use Persil not only for heavy wash, but coloured and dainty things, too—artificial silks, particularly.

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Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Pixie" Razor Blades, 1/- per dozen. Good terms to buying agents.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

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CARNIVAL NOVELTIES, Balloons, Hats, Decorations, Jokes, etc. Large Catalogue free.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

GRAMOPHONES in all styles, cash or easy payments. See our announcement on page opposite.—Fullotone Gramophones, Ltd.

BALLOONS.—Dances, Parties, Ads., etc. We specialise. Best quality. Lowest Prices. List Free. A. Marriott, 98, Wellington Av., Westcliff-on-Sea.

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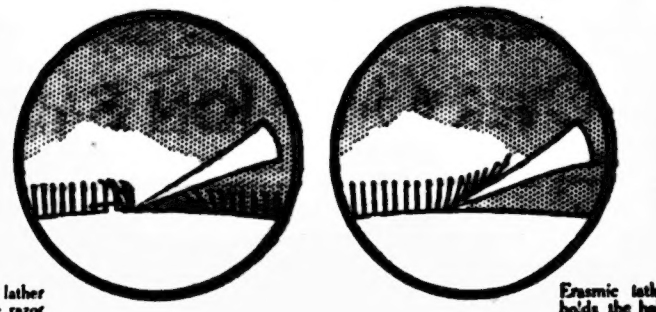
SEND the coupon in the DRAGE advt. on page 27 for Catalogues of Gramophones, Pianos and Furniture offered on the unique Drage system.

BLANFORD'S offer Free Illustrated Catalogue on page 29.



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Weak lather, loose-bubbling lather on the beard lets the blade slide over the flattened hairs and gives you an *uneven, ragged shave.* Change to Erasmic Shaving Stick—specially prepared to give a close, supporting lather.

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ER. 155-111A

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LEATHER Coats and Stormproof wear. Supreme quality at direct cost prices. Ladies', Gent's, Riders'. List Free.—York, 9, Oxford Street, Manchester.

SEVERAL CYCLE offers appear in this issue. Free Catalogues are offered by SELFRIDGE (p. 31), MEAD (p. 14), O'BRIEN (p. 12).

CRESS

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/-. 75 guaranteed home-made garments. Christening Robes, Shawl, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Knitted Coats, Nightics, etc. All purchasers delighted. Over 2,000 testimonials received. Obtain the original bargain and correct garments by posting 2/- for parcel on appro. to a mother with 15 years' experience. (Cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Only address.)

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FREE.—Sample box of EOB WORM DILION POWDERS for DOGS [illegible] every Dog owner. See advt. [illegible] address. Be sure to mention [illegible]

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by entirely destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Hayard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

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FREE.—Sample of "BEMAX" [illegible] Vitamin Food, and free booklet, "[illegible] Health," are offered on page 20. [illegible] the coupon and post to the address [illegible] Send for yours now.

FREE to sufferers from INDIGESTION [illegible] in the coupon in the BISLEY'S ANTACID POWDER advt. on page 14 for [illegible] this excellent remedy for Indigestion. [illegible] not miss this special offer.

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, [illegible] Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antique [illegible] Pieces most Valuable. Valuable [illegible] Nothing too large nor too small. Call [illegible] —Bentley & Co., 30, Woodstock St., [illegible]

[illegible] and gold, silver, jewellery, [illegible] old false teeth, platinum scrap, [illegible] Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead [illegible]

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[illegible] about herbs and how [illegible] 2d. post free.—Primavera, The Herb [illegible] Richmond Rd., Cardiff. 30 yrs.' exp.

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RATS CLEARED in one night by [illegible] fascinating and Safe Rat Remover, which never fails. From any Chemist, 7/6, [illegible] or direct from Bolton Works, Perth, [illegible] 3d. extra for postage.

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52/6

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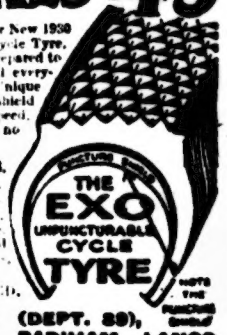

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PAIR of ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, whipped and bordered.
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All Bedding for full-size double bed.
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EXTRA GIFT of this charming CLOCK, suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.

This Bale may be secured on 10/- deposit: balance monthly.
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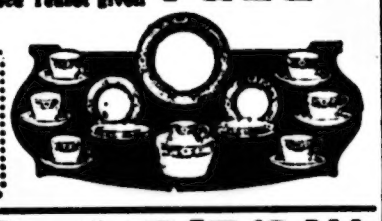
40/- Carriage Paid



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Modern Boys and Girls want Stamps instead of Cigarette Cards

Foreign and Colonial Stamps enclosed in all packets of 'TURF' Cigarettes

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There is a regular boom in stamp collecting. People are realising afresh the tremendous educational advantages of this time-honoured hobby. Stamp collecting supplies the intellectual exercise modern youth demands of its pastimes.

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"Look, this is a Bahama Tercentenary. It's a Crown Colony, with a population of about 55,000."

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THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, Feb. 22, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Split on the Union Levy?

Navy Conference Secrets

Black-eye Politics

In the Trade Union Bill now practically ready for introduction, the Government does not intend to repeal that part of the 1927 Act which makes the general strike illegal.

There will be some loosening of the bonds imposed upon unions in regard to sympathetic strikes, and members of the Civil Service unions will have their full rights restored. More freedom will be given in the matter of picketing.

Individual trade unionists will also be relieved of the heavy fines and imprisonment for certain breaches of the law under the 1927 Act.

To these provisions the Government will get the support of the Liberals. But that for restoring the political levy may be opposed by them.

Of just how far the Liberals carry their opposition will depend whether or not the Bill provokes a real political crisis.

Who goes there?

Why does the American delegation at the Naval Disarmament Conference while pretending to hold only public Press conferences—invite American Press representatives to secret meetings behind locked doors in a secluded room at the Ritz Hotel?

The approaches to this room are guarded by U.S. marines, who turn away all non-American journalists.

* * *

To other delegations welcome in the friendliest manner all journalists who care to attend their daily talks to the Press—and American Pressmen invariably take full advantage of this.

There seems something radically wrong with the American sense of humour.

Thomas' tin

Mr. J. H. Thomas and his expert advisers now have under consideration a huge scheme for the development of the mineral resources of Cornwall.

This scheme provides not only for the development of the mining of tin, but also for copper and arsenic and wolfram, large deposits of which are indicated by the surveys that have been taken.

Sugarsticks

A lot of fuss is being made in political circles over the possibility of the 2s. 6d. duties being swept away in the coming Budget, and of the disastrous effects which such a step would have on the sugar industry of the West Indies.

The furore is quite unnecessary, for it will be found, when Budget Day comes round, that Mr. Snowden will not abolish these duties, as is suggested.

In future Budgets he may endeavour to deal with them, but so far as the present one is concerned he will leave them alone.

Scarlet runners

In pursuance of its policy of "Clearing out the Reds" from the Labour Party, the national executive committee has decided to excommunicate the members of seven organisations alleged to be Communist bodies in disguise.

They are the League against Imperialism, the Left Wing Movement, the Minority Movement, the Workers' International Relief, the National Unemployed Workers' Committee Movement, the Friends of Soviet Russia, and the International Class War Prisoners' Aid.

Any Labour Party members who have joined these bodies in ignorance of their "Red" associations are asked to leave them. If they do not, they will be expelled from the Labour Party.

What a plea!

Sir Robert Gower's plea that slum-clearance schemes should be delayed until owners of condemned-slum rents can get more favourable compensation terms astonishes us.

Slum property is only condemned when it is desperately insanitary and dangerously injurious to health.

Slum-owners escape prosecution and get compensation as well. In the circumstances, anything they get is too much.

No hurry

The Committee on Electoral Reform, set up last year under the chairmanship of Lord Ullswater, is in no hurry.

"He's in no hurry"

In fact, Lord Ullswater is going to Egypt for a few months, and the sittings are to be suspended until he comes back.

Moreover, the committee has abandoned the idea of issuing an interim report before Easter.

* * *

Some M.P.s are hinting that there may be method in this dilatoriness. They suggest that as every Party warts to fight the next election on the new electoral system evolved, the longer the committee goes on sitting the longer will the election be deferred.

Incidentally, the committee is not likely to recommend the introduction of proportional representation when it does report. Some system of alternative vote, however, may be put forward.

Empty coffers

Local Liberal branches have been told officially that they must not expect to receive any more money from the central funds.

The reason is the slump in Stock Exchange prices during the past few months.

A substantial investment by the Party in one group of companies has fallen in value to about one-tenth of the price at which it formerly stood.

For the time being the order is that local Liberals who want a candidate will have to pay up and look cheerful.

Order!

Mr. T. Boydell, the South African senator who knocked out an old political rival with an upper-cut in the Senate, is an old Labourite, very much respected for his downright honesty and loyalty to the Crown.

Sir Abe's "little affair"

The older and livelier spirit survives in the Dominion Parliaments. If a member calls another a liar across the floor of the House, the matter does not always end with the ruling of Mr. Speaker or Mr. President. They go outside and settle!

Classic instances are when Sir Abe Bailey had a little affair with the Hon. F. W. Beyers, while Col. F. S. Tatham, K.C., and Col. Greene, K.C., adjourned to the Natal Parliament grounds for two or three smart rounds.

Tipping the wink

The new *Daily Herald*, which has for its symbol a cock looking at the public with a brilliant eye, will be published on and after March 17.

The idea is that this great newspaper shall see farther, but with the same eye. It has another eye, on the other side of its face, so that it will get both points of view, and both eyes will shine.

The meaning of the symbol is obvious; for the cock is the herald of the dawn.

* * *

And this paper, above all other daily sheets, will note the signs that Britain is awaking from her long slumber, and that the night of poverty draws to its end.

The *Daily Herald* will beware of the false dawn, for which so many futile chanticleers have crowed, and it will have an eye on abuses. It will look first, and only crow afterwards. Few things will escape the *Daily Herald's eye.*

Prison for conscience

Parents who have a conscientious objection to their children being vaccinated have no right to exercise this privilege in Northern Ireland.

Mrs. Lessells, of Newtownards, a mother of eight youngsters, who in the absence of her husband was ordered to have the children vaccinated and refused, was sent to jail in lieu of paying a fine.

Yet one of the promises made when the Ulster Government was set up was that no person should be treated other than if he were still under English rule.

Kick at the Co-op

Liberals and Tories have combined to kill the Industrial and Provident Societies (Amendment) Bill by putting in a clause making it illegal for co-operative societies to subscribe to the funds of a political Party.

What they really want to prevent is subscription to the Labour Party.

It is curious that the members of the Opposition should be so anxious to prevent a working-class business like the "Co-op" from spending part of its funds for political purposes, if so inclined.

They never think of making it illegal for the big limited companies to spend part of the shareholders' profits on political agitation in support of tariffs or any other object.

Famine portents

Our recent warning that mining distress remains acute as ever and relief funds are dwindling rapidly is reinforced with grim urgency by the reports now coming in from medical officers in the distressed areas.

Smallpox and diphtheria, the heralds of famine, are spreading alarmingly in the Rhondda Valley.

At Llwynpia the isolation hospital is overfilled with diphtheria cases, and in the north part of the valley smallpox is spreading.

How deeply must the mining community sink before the Government comes to the rescue with a serious national effort?

Left gasping

Again we call attention to the dangers of fibrosis of the lungs in asbestos mills. Workers have been dying or becoming physical cripples in alarming numbers.

Victims have no claim for maintenance, and there is no compensation for the families of those who died.

Mr. Clynes has now instructed the medical, engineering and legal chiefs of the Home Office to investigate and report immediately.

The disease is barely known to doctors. Many deaths have been attributed to simple bronchitis and pneumonia.

The last first

We are called on so often to expose petty fee-snatching, that it is depressing to discover the State setting a bad example.

Public appointments, such as Board of Trade jobs, factory inspectors and the like, are regularly advertised for open competition.

Candidates are invited to London from the provinces at their own expense, and, before they can sit for the examination, fees for stamps, etc., must be paid amounting to several pounds.

On the results marks are solemnly awarded and the candidates placed in order of merit accordingly, but the jobs are then given without regard to the results. The last on the list may be chosen.

Shame!

You remember the bo'l.r at Watford! Here is a little light on the cause of it.

In Maesteg, Glam., they are complaining that the Ministry of Labour has offered work in other parts of the country at wages from 4d. to 5d. per hour below trade-union rates.

That is grossly unfair to the man already working in the districts to which the undercut men are sent. But even worse is it that a Government department should be a sweater.

The local urban council is taking up the matter. Good luck to it!

Holiday blunder

A short time ago it was announced that Naval Dockyard workers were to be granted a week's holiday annually with full pay.

Now comes the order that all grades must take their holiday in August week, when prices are highest and seaside accommodation at a premium.

The drastic reduction in naval work has already killed overtime benefits.

A more reasonable time could have been selected and the men's holidays spread over a longer period.

Another success

Mr. S. Taylor, a Peterborough ex-Service man, who lost his left leg, has just received the sum of £108 as arrears of pension dating from September 3, 1919, and, in addition, a permanent increase of pension.

But for the intervention of our Pensions Expert, this would never have been paid.

Is it too late to hope that Mr. Roberts will order a general review of the cases of men whose limbs were amputated prior to the above date?

We declare emphatically that hundreds of pounds are still due to them.

Paying for rain

For over five years the building trades have been discussing schemes for payment for "wet time." They seem to be little nearer a solution than when they started to talk.

With a little more drive by trade union officials, it should be possible to get the employers to accept some plan, perhaps by way of special insurance, to give builders a reasonable weekly wage when in employment.

It is a scandal that men engaged on a job should be deprived of both wages and unemployment pay during wet weather.

Hospital jinks?

Here are allegations by Councillor T. Connor, a member of the Bolton Town Council, against the state of affairs existing at the Salford Drinkwater Park Isolation Hospital:

Bed-sheets very badly torn; bedding unchanged for a period of six weeks; pools of water in the middle of the floor when it rained; only one bath for men and women and not cleansed after one patient had bathed.

Hospital staff too hilarious and fraternised considerably with the men patients; nurses sitting and reclining on beds smoking with men patients.

Pillow-fights between midnight and two in the morning irrespective of condition of poorlier patients; patient who died left in ward with other patients for two days

Alderman T. Halstead, chairman of the Public Health Committee, has promised an investigation into the matter.

We should think so, too.

Mercy indeed

It is twenty-one years since the Chief Constable of Peterborough, Mr. Thomas Dandy, first came to that city as an inspector, and in his annual report he emphasises the fact that he has always endeavoured to temper justice with mercy.

The latest example of this at Peterborough is likely to put Justice in a temper.

Two men, aged twenty-seven and twenty-six, pleaded guilty to being at the rear of a grocer's shop for an unlawful purpose, and of having assaulted a policeman.

"If You See It—"

continued

They had, in fact, attempted a burglary; were in possession of burglar's tools, and they hit P.C. Redding a heavy blow on the head.

A clergyman pleaded for them, and they were bound over, the elder man being fined three guineas

Mercy indeed! But what does P.C. Redding say?

A packet

Two hundred instances of obtaining money from Lancashire housewives by means of the tea-trick were admitted by Clifford Cook, of Blackpool, to the Wigan justices when he was sent to prison for a month.

We are pleased to record the downfall of one of a particularly mean type of swindler. Our readers will recall that we have never shown quarter to the organisers of tea-ramps.

Cook promised purchasers of his tea that "his firm" would give £1 to each of the first ten customers. Of course, the money never came.

Retribution

Something has happened to Southend-on-Sea. For years it boomed. But now there are no buyers for houses, and there are 400 unemployed in the building trade alone.

Perhaps the local M.P. might look into it. And perhaps local shopkeepers and others might consider if they have been at times a little severe on the excursion goose that laid the golden egg.

Enemy friend

Congratulations to Dr. Sthamer on the conclusion of ten years' service as German Envoy to the Court of St. James.

Congratulations

The great difficulties which he faced when he arrived in England just after the war can readily be imagined. They won him sympathy from all those who knew him then, just as his personal qualities won him general esteem.

The improvement that has taken place meanwhile in Anglo-German relations has been largely due to his labours.

When he retires from office this year for a well-earned rest—he is seventy-three—he will carry with him our sincere good will.

Death rink

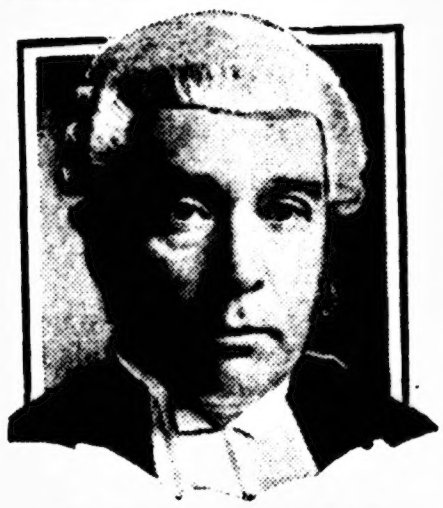
The Grimsby workhouse authorities cannot be congratulated on making their floors such a skating-rink that several old people have met their deaths by slipping on them.

At the latest inquest (on George Gibson, seventy-seven), the Grimsby coroner suggested that old people should be given a better foothold.

We agree. It is not the mission of the workhouse to kill off the aged poor.

In advance

The remarks Mr. Justice Hill has passed on several occasions in the Divorce Court on petitioning husbands turning their wives' "dishonour into cash" have caused widespread comment in legal as well as general circles.



His mailed fist against the wealthy co-respondent

We happen to know that the late Lord Mersey held an entirely opposite view on this matter of damages for husbands who have been grievously wronged by wealthy co-respondents.

The views of the late President of the Divorce Court will be made plain when his biography is published.

The widow's mite

Mrs. Jessie Campbell, an old woman who lives at Invercreran, Greagan, Argyll, is wondering what her three boys, John, Ewan and Donald, who were killed in the war, would have thought of the treatment meted out to their mother by a niggardly Ministry of Pensions.

While her husband lived she received a needs pension, but since her husband died, and since her age qualified her for an old-age pension, this pittance has been reduced to 10s. per week.

Because of her feeble health her daughter has had to return home to look after her, and the two of them are given only £1 a week.

What it really amounts to is that the State has appropriated Mrs. Campbell's old-age pension.

On our doorstep

In Neal Street, Long Acre, there is a slum-dwelling, with four floors, each with four small, dark rooms. The number of people living on these floors is thirteen, sixteen, nine and sixteen, making fifty-four in all.

The rent-roll is £5 a week. There are two lavatories and two cold-water taps. One woman has to ascend thirty-seven steps to get water

This must be a record for the West End of London, and we hope there is nothing in the East End that can equal it.

Too early—too late

When the twelve-year-old son of Mrs. Hendrick, of 25, George Street, Bedford, beat a boy who had thrown stones at him, the magistrates sent him to Rampton State Institution, where he still is.

He was put with men old enough to be his father, and there is no school.

A local doctor who examined him reported that nothing was wrong with his brain.

When his mother wrote to the Home Office it replied that it could do nothing as the case was before the court.

On writing again later, the reply was that nothing could be done as the case was settled!

A more preposterous muddle it is difficult to conceive.

A model bakery

Harry Rosenfield, of Moreton Street, Cheetham, Manchester, was summoned for using a room on his premises as a retail bakehouse, in an insanitary state.

Inspector Derbyshire told the magistrates that the floor was caked in places with old flour and dirt an inch deep, and the whole place was in a disgusting condition.

The chairman (Mr. T. H. Kelly) remarked: "I should advise you to have it thoroughly cleaned from top to bottom, and if you cannot get it off with a penknife, get a pick-axe."

And Rosenfield got off with a fine of forty shillings!

Phantom fleets

A fine old music-hall song used to assure us that "They may build the ships, my lads, and think they know the game; but they cannot build the boys of the bull-dog breed who made old England's name." It was true; it is true to-day.

We are being called upon to meet the challenge of the American shipbuilder who, subsidised by their Government, are to spend £53,000,000 during the next five years in an attempt to capture the supremacy of the Atlantic.

* * *

Our withers are unwrung. Immediately after the war America poured out its dollars, and built a great merchant fleet.

Where is that fleet now? Uncle Sam had to sell it. In spite of the fact that American ships are largely manned by British seamen Uncle Sam couldn't man those ships.

Up they go!

The flagrant manner in which the estimates for Government contracts are exceeded needs a close investigation.

The original estimate for the *R101* was £300,000 already she has cost £527,000 and even now her total cost has not been revealed.

It is the same with Naval contracts. The two destroyers *Amazon* and *Ambuscade* built a few years ago, were estimated to cost £250,000 apiece. They really cost an average of £340,000 each.

Commander Sir C. D. Burney. He built the R100, another costly venture

Similar instances of constructional underestimation could be multiplied

Doomed gold

France is gradually making a plan for turning Paris into a world financial centre. An acceptance bank is now to be established.

* * *

Whether this new move is actuated by motives of national vainglory or commercial necessity, it cannot succeed to any large extent.

Paris can never be a serious competitor with London. The French financial mind is entirely without international outlook.

* * *

In the meantime, chief amongst the expense of the Bank of England large stocks of gold are lying idle in the vaults of the Bank of France. It is doomed to unproductivity.

The City remains very sore over what it considers the unpatriotic manner in which France thwarted the Bank of England and impaired British credit at a critical time.

His cuckoo song

An illuminating circular has just been issued by that high-priest of chicanery Professor Van de Zaar of Haarlem, Holland, who assures the reader:

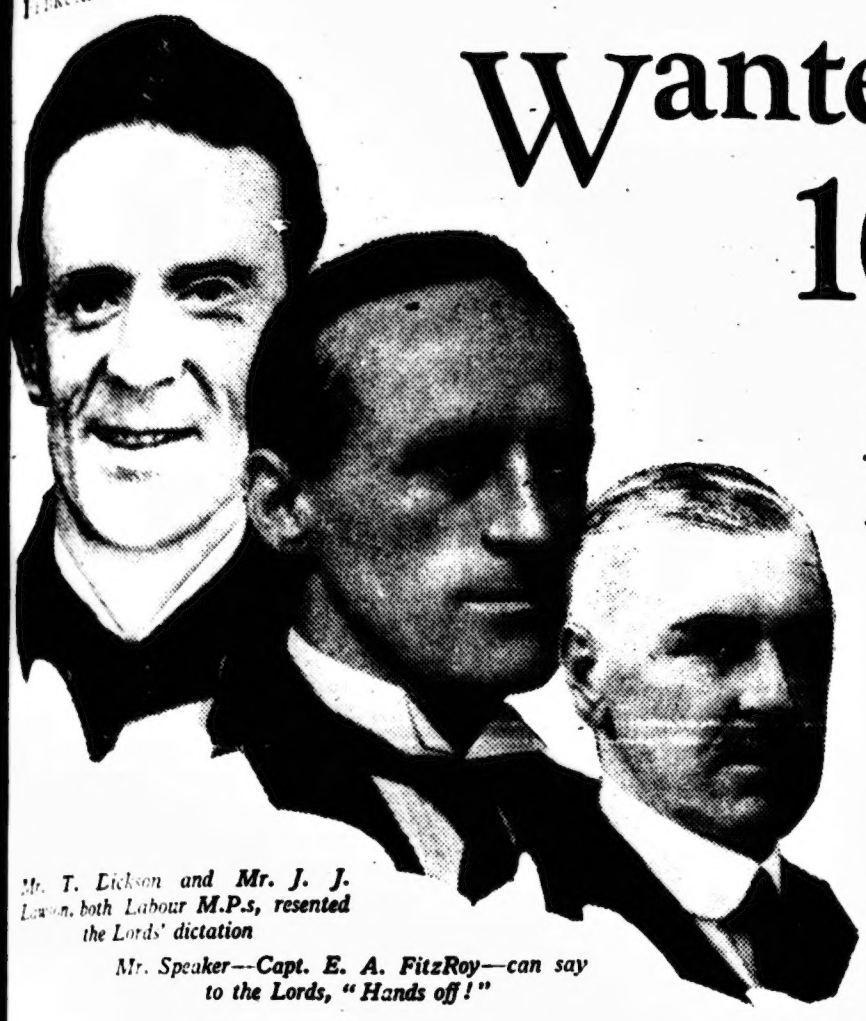
"I come to you with words of warning, to help, to assist, to foreguide you, to forewarn you of the unforeseen and dangerous paths which you are about to tread. . . .

"You as the very wise person that I take you to be cannot afford to throw your life away in the asylum for the sake of 5s., and just for this small amount I will send you, etc."

In this instance the wisdom of the reader will not permit the throwing away of 5s. or any other sum on the moonshine of Professor Van de Zaar.

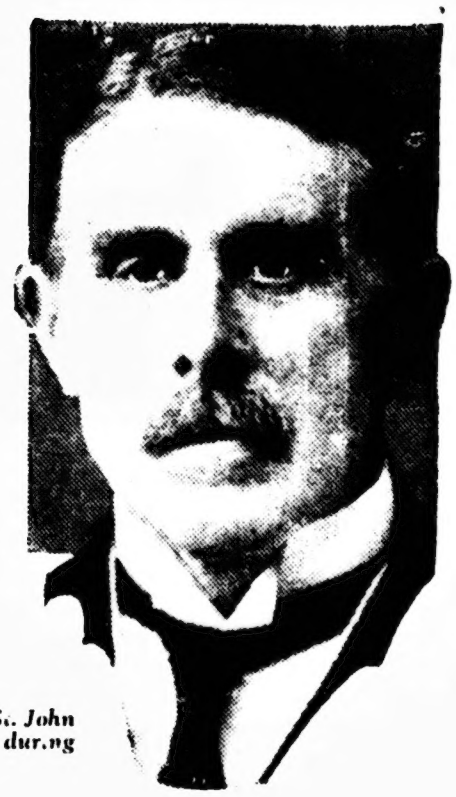
Wanted—100 PEERS

by the EARL of MIDLETON,



Mr. T. Dickson and Mr. J. J. Lawson, both Labour M.P.s, resented the Lords' dictation

Mr. Speaker—Capt. E. A. FitzRoy—can say to the Lords, "Hands off!"



formerly the Rt. Hon. Sr. John Brodrick, War Secretary during the Boer war

WE have seen an interesting crisis on the Unemployment Insurance Bill, which might have developed into a genuine Constitutional struggle but for the restraint shown by both sides.

The Lords won a notable victory by successfully challenging the right of the Speaker of the House of Commons to cry "Hands off," on the ground of privilege.

"Privilege" has been the means almost from time immemorial by which the Commons have protected their right to vote and levy supplies.

It was never intended to be used, and has not hitherto been applied to cover all the details of a complicated measure. It is high time that the pretensions of the House of Commons were curbed in this respect.

The Lords said, "This is a dangerous measure. It has been altered again and again in the House of Commons in a hurried panic. All experience is against it. Have your way, but let the Bill be reconsidered after a year." The Commons replied, "You cannot interfere."

If the Speaker's ruling had held good, the claim of the Commons not merely to bind this Parliament on the nature and extent of "doles" would have been made good, but at this rate in any disputed Bill, by providing half a dozen clerks to carry out the measure, the Lower House might claim that the Lords could not touch it because public money was involved.

The country will not allow the Lords to touch finance, but they have equal rights with the Commons as to policy.

Election scramble

THE mixing-up of policy with finance means that if a Socialist majority wished to nationalise the banks and the railways, it might claim to do so under House of Commons "privilege."

It is well that the Lords' challenge has taken effect at a less dangerous stage.

Any attempt to raise the old cry of "Peers v. People" will require a sounder foundation than is possible with the present composition of the Lower House.

It is obvious that the scramble of a General Election under modern conditions, with constituencies running up to 100,000 voters—the majority of whom can never see or hear the candidate—cannot produce a House of Commons which in all matters reflects the considered views of the nation.

Unfortunately, the Lords, as at present equipped, are the target for criticism. Seven hundred members, of whom only from 100 to 200 give any regular attendance, and of whom a similar number never take their seats, are in a false position.

It not infrequently happens that a really important discussion takes place before a beggarly array of empty benches.

The daily attendance—no matter what the issue may be—is less than it was fifty years ago, when there were 300 less Peers.

An assembly may work well, but it must be so organised as to inspire confidence.

At present the less the Lords interfere the more the outside public appear to respect them.

Twenty years ago Mr. Asquith declared it to be a debt of honour to bring the House of Lords more in touch with up-to-date opinion. He did nothing.

His Liberal successors have voted against each reform proposed, yet the Peers themselves have made a handsome gesture on more than one occasion.

A simple scheme

WE are still in the old morass, because, except in a crisis, Englishmen never worry about their Constitution.

Mr. Asquith's "Wait and see" left the Parliament Act incomplete. Mr. Baldwin, who is, above all, a House of Commons man, let sleeping dogs lie.

It is high time that, in an age in which business is done by telephone, in which Prime Ministers fly to their appointments, and in which the Press and broadcasting bring every word and every feature of the individual before millions of people every day, a body like the House of Lords, which admits itself to be an anomaly, but contains some of the most valuable elements of our national character, should be recast.

The country is tired of being told by M.P.s that, if some scheme can be agreed, they will vote for it. The National Union of Conservative Associations has advocated the principle over and over again; the mass of the Peers are for it; where there is a will there is a way.

The question is perfectly easy of solution.

For instance, in December, 1928, a large majority of Peers voted for Lord Clarendon's resolutions. Seven hundred Peers were to elect one-fifth of their number to sit and vote.

A similar number of temporary members of the House without titles were to be added by the nomination of Party leaders at the beginning of each Parliament, according to the balance of Parties in the Commons.

A reasonable number of seats, also temporary, was reserved for the Ministry.

The House thus formed would, with the Law Lords and Princes of the Blood, have been a compact body of about 320.

It would have kept all the most valuable hereditary elements, and yet there would have been at this moment nearly 100 Socialists to back the proposals of the Government.

This would have formed a body which could really act as a Revising Chamber.

The reform suggested above, or any similar one, could be carried by a Bill of half a dozen clauses.

Few people now believe that the old powers of the House of Lords could be restored, but obviously someone besides the Speaker of the House of Commons should decide what Bills really involve finance and affect the House of Commons alone, and whether policy or finance is the dominating factor.

Apart from these anomalies, the present system is wasteful and inefficient.

Who are the Lords?

Fifty years ago they were a house of landowners. To-day the number who have earned their own living or sit by virtue of recent public service is something like a majority.

All the great "captains of industry," all the greatest lawyers, all the most illustrious pro-Consuls, all the national heroes (except jockeys, pugilists and film-stars) find their places on the red benches behind the political leaders, and there are more peers with a record of long House of Commons service than are sitting in the Lower House at this moment.

To say that such men do not represent English opinion because they were not elected by the flapper vote of yesterday is a happy fiction to draw a perfunctory cheer at a Socialist meeting.

If the Sovereign adds to the existing hereditary peers the finest elements from outside, and the hereditary right of 700 to sit is delegated to, say, 100 or 125, it is clear that to obtain a Second Chamber two-thirds democratic, with all the best elements of the old House, is a pretty good bargain for the extremists.

Fair play

THE House of Lords would no longer be overgrown and one-sided. Debates, brief and to the point, unique experience and prestige are not enough.

The spectacle of 100 men out of 700 who might attend knocking down a dozen Socialists is not inspiring.

Englishmen love fair play.

Moreover, to call a number of the most experienced men in the country to a legislative assembly and expect them to forgo action on subjects which embody the experience of their lives is a waste of good material.

Lord Beaconsfield, being asked in 1879 how he liked the House of Lords, said "he felt as if he were dead, but in the Elysian Fields."

A young "elder son" in mid-career in the House of Commons finds himself, when his father dies, translated to a graveyard from which there is no escape but the tomb.

It is high time that all who value our Constitution "got a move on."

CANDID COMMUNICATION

His Biggest Job in Life

A Tickler for Hoover—Thanks, Padre!—Slaves of the Cafe

LORD CLARENDON,
Chairman, B.B.C.

MY LORD,—Your appointment as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa to succeed the Earl of Athlone is the biggest thing in your career.

Many in the Union doubtless would have preferred a member of the Royal Family, and the name of the Duke of York has been frequently mentioned. Perhaps he will come later.

Your new and exalted post is by no means a sinecure. Your utmost tact will be required to hold the balance evenly between the Dutch Afrikander section and the British minority.

Not yet has come that happy fusion of interests for which statesmen of both races have wrought.

Beyond doubt it will come in time. Yours the task to be the elder brother to the hot-heads and the reactionaries.

To-day people of our race are dreading a political and social dominance, rather than looking forward to a true union of interests.

In your difficult duty of helping to reconcile all parties you have my best wishes for success.

JOHN BULL.

Her Majesty THE QUEEN,
Buckingham Palace, London, S.W.

YOUR MAJESTY,—I rejoice to hear that in a day or two (on the 25th) you will open the new British Red Cross Society Clinic in Regent's Park for the treatment of rheumatism.

The clinic, well equipped for research and treatment, and opening its doors both to the industrial worker (through the National Health Insurance scheme) and those who are able to pay reasonable fees will be a tremendous boon to the public

I am aware, moreover, that this is merely the start in a great Red Cross campaign.

At last this national scourge has been recognised for what it is. Your Majesty, with your keen interest in the health of the British people, will be happy to signalise our awakening.

JOHN BULL.

PRESIDENT HOOVER,
White House, Washington, U.S.A.

DEAR PRESIDENT,—Really you will have to get busy solving your unemployment problem. Four millions is a big figure, and it is growing. Of course, we have our own problem; but there is a difference.

America is the example put before us of what enlightened industrial organisation can do for a country. Rationalisation is the cure-all, we have been told.

And now we learn (not all of us with surprise) that rationalisation, more than anything else, is responsible for throwing men out of work in the United States.

What are you going to do about it?

JOHN BULL.

The MINISTER for W TERWAYS,
The Hague, Holland

YOUR EXCELLENCY,—I read with profound admiration of your marvellous project for the draining of the Zuyder Zee to add another fertile province to Holland.

You Low Country folk have done miracles in that way, which are a standing example to mankind

English people, viewing that example, have reason to be ashamed. We, too, have foreshores to be reclaimed; and we, with our teeming population, have urgent need of more fertile land.

I trust that your fresh exploit will act as a spur.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour Judge G EG RY,
Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey

YOUR HONOUR,—I agree with you; it is wrong that in a civilised country men should, to all intents and purposes, be driven to crime in order to obtain their daily bread.

I know what you have done to provide work for ex-criminals, and I share your hope that more will be done.

The true prison reform is to make the criminal's life in prison harder, and his life outside prison easier. And that's the line you take.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST WILD, K.C.,
Recorder of London

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—It must be as gratifying to you as it is to me to learn, on the undisputed authority of Mr. G. Neve, the Probation Officer at the Old Bailey, that your policy of giving chances to old offenders is successful.

The fact that a man with a record of sentences amounting to forty-five years placed on probation by you has become foreman with a well-known firm of housebuilders, and is doing well, speaks for itself.

By endeavouring in this manner to undo the harm caused years ago in many cases by ill-considered severity, you are serving the ends of justice admirably.

JOHN BULL.

Master THOMAS PRESTON,
Wharf Street, Dukinfield

DEAR TOMMY,—You seem to have the right stuff in you, if only it is brought out the right way.

Tired of working looms and shuttles at fourteen, you dreamed of pioneers in Canada and Australia, and planned to be one of them.

By way of a start, you set out to walk 190 miles to London, which you reached cold, hungry and ill.

I sincerely hope means will be found to help you to realise your ambition, and become a real he-man in the wide open spaces.

JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE,
Keswick Hospital

DEAR SIRS,—Your defence in the case of the girl whose child was born prematurely on the steps of the Albion Institute and afterwards died was a poor one.

I am aware that even in maternity hospitals expectant moth[ers] mitted until they are [in] stage of labour.

But your matron and [others] should not have [been] ridiculous regulations [to] such a case.

Until your rules are [altered] not carrying out your [duty].

JOHN BULL.

Canon R. STUART KING,
Leigh Rectory, Essex

REV. SIR,—You need [not be] turbed by the cries of "[Socialism]" greeted your declaration [at the South] end Brewster Sessions [that] solutely no harm in [women] going to places where [there is] the dance-room, the co[ncert] t[h]eatres, and even in the [public-house].

Common-sense often [prevails] unco' guid, and the [outcry] about the outcry against [Puritan]ising" English holiday [habits] no man or woman should [be prevented] to go where children may [be taken].

In these hypocritical days [your de]claration is like a breath [of fresh air].

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. MARGARET BONDFIELD,
Ministry of Labour

DEAR MADAM,—I trust [you will come] to the conclusion that [the Trade] Boards Acts should be [applied to the] catering trades.

A monstrous condition [of sweating] exists among the female [workers in] this industry. It is [a disgraceful] thing for a grown woman [to receive] more than 21s. a week.

And food, even of the most inferior quality, *is not always* supplied. There are well-known cafés where women paid a pound a week, must pay for their meals.

You, as a woman, must feel keenly for these people. And I trust that when you have the reports you will be up and doing.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR TOM,—You cannot [evade the] question of under-age soldiers [by what] you did in your answer last week to Mr. Hore-Belisha.

You say that a recruit who has joined as a man by means of a misstatement of age can only be given free discharge between the ages of seventeen and eighteen if there are very special compassionate grounds.

This iron insistence on a contract entered into at the raw age of sixteen is unworthy of the State.

In maintaining this harsh military rule you revert to the days when soldiers had none of the rights of citizenship.

JOHN BULL.

Not from 2 L.O.—Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord, sings—

Yo-ho-ho
and a slab of
ICE CREAM!

SOME sing of Alexander,
Whom writers call "the Great."
But there's another of that name
Entitled to his share of fame,
As history will relate.

The schoolboys of the future
Will have to learn of ME.
All prior Alexanders then
Will fail to stir the tongue or pen
Of those who know A. V.

As ruler of the Navy,
I am resolved to win
The worship of each jolly dog
At sea, but not by means of grog
And such-like lures to sin.

Yet to each hardy seaman
My mem'ry will be sweet;
In accents soft and low they'll croon
Of him who brought the precious boon
Of ice-cream to the Fleet!

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the Admiralty hopes in the near future to install ice-cream plants on all battleships.

Despite my preoccupation with the larger issues of the Naval Conference, I am not indifferent to the comfort and well-being of the boys of the bulldog breed. Indeed, my desire is to add in every possible way to naval amenities.

Nor will I be deterred by the snorts of hard-bitten bosuns and choleric admirals, who are now enquiring whether I will next order a distribution of Pêche Melba in place of the rum ration.

Ice-cream is both wholesome and harmless, and I hope that the day will come when instead of sailors being identified with alcoholic slogans like "Yo, ho, ho! and a bottle of rum," their chanties will extol the higher virtues of ice-cream wafers.

Those who scoff seem to forget that we are no longer in the era of the Press Gang.

In those days the Navy helped itself to what it wanted in the way of human material; but nowadays we have to rely upon making a life on the ocean wave sufficiently comfortable to attract those who might otherwise become professional dancing-partners or breeders of prize canaries.

With this in view, I have prepared a list of possible reforms:

When the stormy winds do blow,
And the crew goes down below,
There seasick tablets they will find
To help restore their peace of mind
With a Yah, yo ho! heave ho!

At night in a feather-bed
Each man will rest his head,
After he's heartily quaffed his fill
Of nice hot milk with a right good will
And his deck goloshes shed.

And who will reply with "No,"
When asked if to sea he'll go,
When lemonade in each ship's canteen
Fizzes and pops with a joy serene—
With an Ugh! yo ho! *heave ho!*

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

EARL OF HAREWOOD: "[It] is not the soldiers who make war [but] it is the soldiers who end war."

But it costs them their [lives] ending for them.

* * *

MR. GEORGE LANSBURY: "One [man] kills another."

But sometimes the good [man] kills the bad one, and sometimes [the bad] kills the good.

* * *

ARTHUR HENDERSON: "[The] Power Conference will [succeed] ever."

Our main concern is: [what] its results last?

* * *

J. H. THOMAS: "Many people [who] desire the right thing, [and] do the wrong thing."

And then there are those [who] don't do anything.

TRUTH ABOUT THE BOMB Sensation

Bogus Baron and a Hoax

THE public has been told that the sensational story of the discovery of a bomb in the British Museum was an impudent hoax.

Yet even now it has not been told the real truth, the disclosure of which enables us to present our readers with a *genuine* journalistic "scoop."

The explanations made last week during the police-court proceedings against a self-styled journalist named Frank Biggs, who found the "bomb" under a seat outside the Indian Room, give no indication of the audacious plot involved.

Following the widespread publication of details of the supposed attempt to destroy great national treasures, Mr. Biggs was questioned by the police because certain strange circumstances had been revealed about his discovery.

Red-hot sell

At first he strenuously averred that he had found the bomb by chance, but was ultimately forced to admit that he had "planted" the bomb himself solely to take advantage of the public interest in Indian unrest with a red-hot story of topical value for sale to the Press.

In confessing this much, and incidentally escaping with a small fine, Mr. Biggs has deliberately concealed a number of vital points which it is now our duty to divulge.

Within an hour of the "discovery" of the bomb, the exclusive story, with a surprising wealth of detail, was loosed upon the newspaper world by Transatlantic Features, of Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, London, the proprietor of which is a Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley.

Had the story been genuine, this firm would deserve congratulation for giving the full facts for publication at such lightning speed.

As it is, no words of condemnation can be too strong for the despicable part it has played in this disgraceful affair.

When, after it had sold the story to the Press, the hoax was discovered, Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley protested that he, too, had been hoaxed, and issued a long statement in self-justification.

Raised eyebrows

"Transatlantic Features," he declared, "wish all their numerous clients to know that they have *absolutely no connection* with Frank Biggs, who admits that he placed the bomb in the museum."

He added that Biggs had merely telephoned through to the office of Transatlantic Features, and, upon telling them of the discovery of the bomb, was asked for further particulars and invited to come to the office in Poppin's Court to write up the full story.

Biggs agreed to this, apparently, but, when he got to the office, concealed the fact that he had himself discovered the bomb. According to Stanley, the story was accepted and issued to the Press in all good faith.

If Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley imagines that this "explanation" is likely to be accepted without question, he has reckoned without JOHN BULL. We have subjected it to analysis, and it simply won't do.

"Discovered!"

Time and place play important parts in this strange affair.

At 5.15 p.m. on the day of the hoax, Biggs rushed down a flight of stairs in the British Museum and informed the authorities of his discovery.

Before 6.30 p.m. Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley was personally on the telephone to certain newspapers, offering the complete story.

Under this seat in the Indian section of the British Museum the putty bomb was planted by Biggs, whose picture we publish here

That is smart work in all conscience, but consider, on Stanley's own showing, what a lot of events transpired in the interval.

In the first place, Biggs is known to have remained at the museum for some time after his "discovery."

Then, following his lengthy telephone call to Transatlantic Features, he had to get to the office, nearly a mile and a half away.

After this, had he been a stranger, there should have been a discussion on the merits of the story, with the necessary verification of all the facts, to say nothing of the task of putting those facts into the form in which they were offered for publication.

Despite all this, and the fact that the full story was being offered within an hour of the bomb's discovery, Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley would have the world believe that Mr. Biggs *was* a complete stranger to Transatlantic Features, who singled the firm out by telephone to give it the exclusive "rights" of the story.

Tell us!

The very night after the newspapers had been hoaxed, Mr. Biggs slept under Mr. Stanley's roof at Hampton Court. He had, in fact, been staying there with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley for nearly three weeks.

How does Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley reconcile this undeniable fact with his published statement that he had absolutely no connection with Frank Biggs?

The truth is that Biggs, who was a solicitor's clerk at Worthing, has actually since been working in the office of Transatlantic Features, having paid Stanley money in order to obtain an appointment under him.

Can Mr. F. St. Blase Stanley expect the world to believe that he was so ignorant of what was going on under his very nose?

Of course not. The truth is that he is a charlatan, a cheat, a crook.

Stanley has foisted "spoof" stories upon the public before.

A few months ago a famous Sunday newspaper published a picturesque story about Mayor Walker, of New York.

It said that he had been so impressed by the magnificence of our Lord Mayor that he had decided to have regalia specially designed for himself that would quite eclipse that of London's Mansion House.

The narrative gave "inside" details of Mayor Walker's plans, and added that a courier had been despatched to London to find robes gorgeous enough to symbolise the wealth, prestige, dignity and history of New York.

Nervous caller

The courier, it seemed, had deputed Mr. "Willie" Clarkson, the famous theatrical costumier, to compare the costumes of centuries and evolve original designs for Mayor Walker's approval.

Mr. Clarkson informs us that since he drew up the designs he has heard nothing more.

It has occurred to him since, however, that his caller was somewhat mysterious in manner and even nervous at times.

This is hardly surprising when we reveal that the "courier" was actually a representative of Transatlantic Features, despatched by Stanley to concoct this story, which was only another of his bright ideas.

Last week Stanley—who has latterly affected a monocle—was offering an "exclusive" story about the present activities of a notorious crook named Williams.

Universal robbers

A sidelight on Stanley's character in this respect is afforded by the fact that Williams and himself were not long ago close "business" associates, concerned together in the swindling occupation of robbing all who came their way.

If Stanley endeavours to deny this old association with Williams, enquirers have only to look up the records of his bankruptcy examination a year or two ago.

They will there find some interesting comments by the Official Receiver on Stanley's connection with the erstwhile colleague in crime he is now willing to "sell" for his own gain.

"Francis St. Blase Stanley" is only an alias for an adventurer who, yet only thirty-three, has been under the eyes of the police for years. His victims are legion.

In the past few years he has been behind numerous bogus businesses, in most of which he has induced wretched people to part with every penny they possessed. Some have been irretrievably ruined.

He has passed countless worthless cheques, duped numerous hotels and boarding-establishments, and indulged in a variety of swindling escapades too numerous to mention.

He once posed as the Baron de Beck, and showed his journalistic flair then by persuading newspapers to publish articles purporting to be written by his wife—who was passing, of course, as a baroness, and married him believing that he was a genuine baron.

'Shun!

Through his roguery it fell to her lot to stand in the dock beside him three years ago at Liverpool Assizes.

Happily, she was acquitted, but Stanley was sent to prison for a well-merited term for forging and uttering money-orders in various parts of the country.

This, then, is the man who is the controlling genius of Transatlantic Features.

While he remains there, newspapers will be well advised to shun all "exclusive" stories he may offer.

THE NEW
DAILY
HERALD
Labour's Great National Newspaper, will be published on Monday.
MARCH 17

Another OIL PROMOTER Runs Away

An impressive oil "gush" from Tanfield's literature. The portrait is of the Earl of Westmorland. He got out of National Chemical Holdings when he learned the truth

AFTER moving freely in the best society circles and enjoying a leading position in the realms of high finance, Mr. Sydney William Tanfield has just disappeared from London in most mysterious circumstances.

His office in Copthall Avenue, London, E.C., which has been the scene of many mammoth deals, he has completely vacated.

The resplendent suite which he rented in Park Lane has been discarded; and some of London's most fashionable hotels, such as the Ritz, the Carlton, the Savoy and Claridges, where his opulent personality was well known, have seen nothing of him for weeks past.

So lavish were Mr. Tanfield's habits, indeed, that many people imagined him to be a millionaire. He is certainly in possession of considerable wealth.

In view of the fraudulent manner in which he acquired it, and the real reason for his sudden disappearance, we feel it a duty to make certain disclosures, and to ask the Public Prosecutor what steps he proposes to take in order to clear up the mystery.

His training-school

We do not exaggerate when we place Sydney Tanfield next to Jacob Factor as one of the biggest share-swindlers the world has known, for he has for years engineered colossal company frauds, and has maintained lavish establishments in Paris, Brussels and New York, in addition to his London homes.

Because of his accent and mannerisms, Tanfield is generally taken to be an American.

Actually, he is an Englishman, but he went to Canada as a lad, and, migrating to the United States, graduated in the art of share-swindling, in the office of a notorious Yankee swindler, who himself amassed a fortune from fraudulent share deals.

The youthful Tanfield returned to England in a hurry when the attention of the Chicago police became centred upon his operations.

In 1922, as the leading light in certain bogus oil and gold ramps of American origin, and with sumptuous offices in Throgmorton Street and Pall Mall, he commenced a long and profitable campaign in co-operation with numerous Americans who have since left the country.

Among Tanfield's more recent exploits was the hawking of shares of the National Chemical Holdings, Ltd., which was registered in Guernsey some three years ago, to deal in a variety of things, from perfume to varnish.

Working from the Copthall Avenue address, Tanfield unloaded many of these shares upon the public, who have never received a dividend.

Tanfield, who originally worked hand-in-glove with Jacob Factor, has, in one guise or another, ensnared investors in this country to the tune of tens of thousands of pounds.

A short while back he was closely associated with a notorious American share-pusher named Baum, who unloaded all kinds of worthless shares in so-called oil and mining companies in Arkansas, and then disappeared.

Abandoned baby

The American share-pusher, James Neville, who some time ago obtained huge sums of money by share-pushing, and then fled to America with his wife, leaving his young baby at Windsor quite unprovided for, was an employee of Tanfield.

Indeed, Tanfield has employed many people in this way, and a great deal of his success is due to his genius for remaining behind the scenes in his various swindles. Thousands of his victims have never heard his name.

In one case, for example, a man named Goddard flooded the country with a bogus financial newspaper which extolled the virtues of a number of gold-mines in Ontario.

This concentrated campaign induced numerous people to invest money for shares which have never earned a penny in return. Goddard was only the dummy, while Tanfield remained smugly behind the scenes.

He was the leading light of a concern called the Bahamas Trust, although other names graced the prospectus which brought calamity to countless further dupes.

He was also closely connected with the notorious Cambrian Trust, in which something like a quarter of a million of money has been irretrievably lost by misguided investors.

There are two reasons why Tanfield, still on the right side of forty, has decided to seek an early retirement.

One is that the police have been making searching enquiries into certain of his dubious share transactions.

We can tell—

The other is that he was recently faced with a bankruptcy petition obtained by a victim who won an action by default against him, and failed even then to get the satisfaction to which he was entitled.

Rather than face the music in the Bankruptcy Court, Tanfield has disappeared, and some idea of his roguery may be gauged from the fact that in one single week claims have been lodged against him by private creditors to the extent of nearly £25,000.

Our complete dossier is at the disposal of the Public Prosecutor if he will only take steps to call this absconding rogue to account.

THE FUR FLIES from Mayfair

ONE of Mayfair's charming young women is missing from her home and haunts. Her name is Mrs. Peggy Elsie Butlin.

Mrs. Butlin introduced herself to fashionable London two years ago as a hat and gown specialist, and her *salons* in Beauchamp Place, Kensington, and Pont Street, Mayfair, became the resort of the *élite*.

But the business, which she conducted in the name of Edith Ewing, did not prosper. Solicitors' clerks with summonses and debt-recovery agents are tired in their quest for her.

When the firm was registered the elusive woman had as partner a society woman, who gave as her address the Chelsea house of twenty-three-year-old Lord Burgh, whose mediæval peerage was revived during the war.

With consummate confidence, Mrs. Butlin next embarked on a scheme by which she was to defeat the exports monopoly of the Soviet Government's foreign trade department.

Rich profits

She informed all who listened to her that she had made rich profits in operation with agents in Brussels and Vienna by buying vast quantities of furs from Russia in Belgium and reselling them to American buyers.

Large though past profits had been, she wanted still more money to engage in further spectacular deals in even greater consignments of furs which had reached Belgium.

She explained that the Soviet regulations prohibited the furs being brought to Britain.

Among those she induced to provide finance was Mrs. Sheldon Wilkinson.

Mrs. Butlin called at Mrs. Sheldon Wilkinson's Park Lane house, accompanied by Lord Burgh, who, after graduating from Wellington College and the Black Watch, had been running a millinery shop, also in Beauchamp Place.

Complete faith

So complete was Lord Burgh's faith in Mrs. Butlin, that, in exchange for £275, he offered to give a personal guarantee that the money would be repaid in sixty days, "plus any profits accruing up to 100 per cent."

To other people Mrs. Butlin represented that she was only a few thousand pounds short of £47,000, which sum would buy enough furs to satisfy a purchaser who was willing to pay her £250,000 for them.

They helped her to complete the total. Among them was Miss Edith Goodall, the actress, who died recently, and whose executors are in the chase.

Messages reached London from Mrs. Butlin on the notepaper of hotels in Brussels, Antwerp and Cologne, and Lord Burgh wrote assurances that she was working at top-speed and that the date of completion was not far off.

The sixty days passed. Mrs. Butlin became silent and vanished. Anxious

Lord Burgh ... trust was misplaced"

people called at her London house, found that it was to let and the furniture had been taken out, and met there other creditors clamouring for news.

Lord Burgh, who found his trust in Mrs. Butlin had been misplaced, did not defend an action brought against him in respect of his guarantee, but paid the amount later.

Mrs. Butlin's dupes have had Europe scoured for her, but there is not to be found the slightest trace of her or the furs.

THE FEVER HOSPITAL PERIL

A HOSPITAL with 400 patients suffering from scarlet-fever and diphtheria and no resident doctor!

Impossible, you say. This is not a plague area in Darkest Africa or seething India. It is not to be thought that the fate of 400 English people—mostly those little people whom we love—should depend upon the part-time attendance of one very much overworked doctor.

Yet it is most tragically true. Britain is swarming with hospitals, so-called, but the rural and small town areas which are hopelessly understaffed to face epidemics.

Let John Bull give a concrete case: In the locality of the Hounslow and Isleworth districts over 400 cases of diphtheria occurred in 1929, chiefly amongst school-children, and there were twenty-two deaths.

At the height of the epidemic the authorities were fighting the scourge in one hospital grossly underbedded and with no resident medical officer.

This institution, known as the Mogden Isolation Hospital, had to serve the rapidly growing Hounslow area, and also Isleworth, Heston and Richmond.

It is ruled by a Joint Committee, nominated from the councillors of each district which severally contribute to the hospital.

Waiting—

What this divided rule is responsible for in the alarming situation disclosed I cannot say, but some of the circumstances are of the deepest gravity.

The first fact on which no criticism can be too strong is that here is a hospital, working at full pressure with scores of infectious cases of one of the most dangerous of illnesses amongst small children, where the only medical officer lives twelve miles away.

To reach the hospital on an urgent summons he would have to traverse twelve miles of traffic-locked roads between his residence in Kensington and the hospital near Twickenham.

"The Mogden Hospital serves three rapidly growing areas"

M.P. for Twickenham, Sir John Ferguson must take this up with the Health Minister

When he has not been there the responsibility of seeing the patients before their discharge has fallen on the matron.

Whilst we have no criticism to bring against what is undoubtedly a devoted and experienced nursing staff, we can bring proof that this arrangement has already had grave results.

One of the worst cases is that of the two children of Mrs. Pink, a widow living in Dean Road, Hounslow.

Her youngest child, a boy of five, was admitted to Mogden Hospital on October 26 last with what was diagnosed as a mild case of scarlet-fever.

Five weeks later she was called to the hospital to bring him home.

She noticed on her arrival that he seemed to be suffering with a cold, and commented on the fact, but was told that he was quite all right and fit to go home.

The child was kept indoors on the first two days at home, but the "cold" showed no signs of disappearing, and Mrs. Pink called in the family doctor. He pronounced the "cold" as diphtheria and back the boy went to Mogden hospital.

Circumstances pointed to the fact that he had been discharged suffering from diphtheria, though he had first entered the hospital with scarlet-fever.

Mother's anxiety

A few days later his sister also fell a victim, doubtless infected by her brother during his short stay at home.

The boy is still in a hospital to which he was transferred from Mogden—a fact, by the way, which the mother was left to find out for herself—and the girl has recently been discharged, but too broken in health to return to school.

This is a further blow to the unfortunate mother, as the girl will probably have to forgo her chances of a scholarship for which she was working before illness struck her down.

A similar case is that of Maurice Beer, who was also admitted to Mogden with mild scarlet-fever on October 22 last.

In due course, the father was sent for to bring the boy away. He complained that his child looked ill and pointed out his acutely swollen glands.

Another boy, Freddie Devonshire, displayed the same symptoms. But the parents were informed that both children were well.

The next day Freddie Devonshire was back again with diphtheria, and two days later Maurice Beer was hurried off to the Staines Hospital as a positive case of diphtheria.

It is worthy of note that the last time the boys were seen by the doctor was *two days before their discharge.*

Further instances could be given of other children being discharged under similar conditions; but enough has been given to show immediate ground for drastic enquiry.

In other respects, too, the health administration of the district is open to the strongest criticism.

Refuse is dumped in pits just beyond the confines of the town, and thus disposed of in the cheapest way.

Open pools abound, and for months of the year the whole area is infested with swarms of flies.

At the height of the epidemic the infrequent refuse removals were carried out in antiquated and insanitary carts, which most enlightened boroughs have abandoned long ago.

In the hospital itself several parents have testified to the clouds of flies surrounding each little patient.

The council's sanitary measures, too, are not above criticism.

In many instances, when a child-patient had been removed from its home with diphtheria, seldom less than two days elapsed before bedding was removed and fumigation carried out.

In one case a week went by before the appearance of the sanitary authorities, thus allowing ample time for others in the household to become infected.

Sheer terror

This wholesale inefficiency seems also to have been combined with an almost heartless tactlessness.

In one instance, a small child of five was removed screaming with terror to a waiting ambulance.

Neither of his parents was allowed to accompany him to the hospital to soothe him.

Had "precedent" been slackened to this extent, they might have been more reconciled to his death, which took place four days later.

In another case, a parent was notified of his child's death by letter from the hospital and received no telephone or messenger summons before the end.

There is no need for all this muddle, with its consequent suffering and waste of life and health.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

HIS OWN SON *a* Cat's-paw

It is not a common thing for a criminal to make a cat's-paw of some innocent youth; but when one finds a father exploiting his own son in defrauding the public, I think the depth of baseness has been reached.

It has come to my notice as a result of enquiries into the affairs of a certain mysterious "George Benson," trading as "The Benson Street Market," in Leeds.

Circulars in the name of "The Benson Street Market" have lately been sent out all over the country, offering attractive prices to smallholders for rabbits, poultry, eggs and general produce, a feature of the campaign being that the towns selected have all been remote from Leeds.

People who have accepted the invitation of the "Benson Street Market" to send consignments of produce on certain terms have found it impossible to obtain payment.

I am extremely sorry for them, for I fear that they have been lured into a cunning web.

To begin with, "George Benson" as an individual does not exist at all: at Somerset House you will find that this is the registered business name of one, George E. Gomersall, who is barely eighteen years of age.

But it is necessary to look still further for the real villain of the piece, who, as it happens, is this boy's father, Thomas Gomersall, of Green Road, Leeds, an utterly unscrupulous and distasteful person.

* * *

The son, being a minor, cannot be sued for debt, which, of course, means that the numerous scattered victims of the "Benson Street Market" ramp, knowing nothing of the father behind the scenes, would have no redress should they institute proceedings against the son.

There is, however, every reason why anyone who may have been victimised should lose no time in communicating with the police, for, with the information I am here able to give, Thomas Gomersall should soon be brought to book.

Having induced various innocent traders to forward consignments of produce to his son's dummy company, Gomersall senior cleverly arranges for them to be diverted.

They are, in fact, rarely delivered at the Benson Street Market, but are collected at the various railway-stations to which they may be consigned and taken to the father's premises at Green Street, where they are promptly offered for sale.

Thomas Gomersall has one very vital reason for wishing to shelter behind his son in this way. This is by no means his first postal swindle.

He has operated in one name or another for years, has served at least one term of imprisonment for fraudulent trading, and is an undischarged bankrupt.

I trust that it will not be long before he is properly dealt with by the authorities.

WHOOPING COUGH

For fifty years Vapo Cresolene has stopped the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Use it tonight and save the child from that wracking cough. Cresolene is widely used for Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Croup, Asthma and Catarrh.

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There MAY be nothing the matter, but if there is, the earlier the treatment is begun the quicker and surer is the cure.

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Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address. For Men: Tuesdays 5.30 to 8.30 p.m., Fridays 1 to 2 p.m. For Women: Mondays 1 to 2 p.m., Thursdays 5.30 to 8.30 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful Booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the Set. Four useful Booklets for Girls, 8d. the Set. Six useful Booklets for Young Men, 1s. 3d. the Set. All post free in plain cover.

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"How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years, but now, thanks to your wonderful treatment, there is no sign of varicose veins, and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 40 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is only 5s. a month! *I don't think that any woman of my age* (45 *years*) *should be without Elasto*, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me. I am pleased and grateful that Elasto came to my notice, and I thank you for your kindness."

(Sgd.) Mrs. A. WARRELL,
Luton Lodge,
Luton Hoo Park, Luton.

"Elasto Puts An End To Wasteful Expense!"

"I have great pleasure in informing you that your Elasto treatment has worked wonders. I have suffered for the last 25 years with bad legs, and I have spent pounds trying to get them better without result until I came across your Elasto treatment, which has cured me. Also I am better in general health. You have my permission to publish this letter for the benefit of other sufferers, as it is my earnest wish that others should know what Elasto treatment has done for me. I know there are thousands now suffering as I have done. I solemnly declare this is the truth I am sending you."

(Sgd.) Mrs. M. LORD,
1568, Walker Road,
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"Suffered for Many Years Now Completely Cured!"

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that your Elasto treatment has completely cured my varicose ulcers from which I have suffered for many years. I cannot express my great gratitude to you only by recommending it to all my suffering friends. Only those who give it a trial can appreciate Elasto."

(Sgd.) D. PARROTT,
59, King Edward Road,
Rugby.

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CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

COMPANY MEETING.

SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.

The Annual Meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Co. was held on February 20 at the Cannon Street Hotel, London.

Dr. Charles Carpenter, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., the President, who occupied the chair, said in the course of his speech, said: Gentlemen,—The first paragraph of the Report informs you of the progress made during the past year in the number of consumers and in our sales of gas. I would, however, that there is a between the two sets of figures in the number of consumers has entirely the result of building in the South-East area of our district, where new estates are being laid out on land which was until recently pasture with I should like to endorse a great deal in the Metropolis by the London County Council as regards the sale of coke by weight instead of by measure. As large producers of coke, we have looked upon with fullest sympathy from the beginning for it provided a security for the unattainable in our opinion by means, and the costs of making the change have been negligible compared with the benefit to the coke business which doubtedly accrue thereby.

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

Of the continued value of nership it is impossible to speak More than forty years ago my in this chair propounded a solution labour versus capital problem which stood the test of time and of changing Professor and politician have to the proved to their satisfaction that Co-partnership in industry is and ineffective. We can in reply point ours, wrought by us as pioneers in application to the production and sale of which we can in truth say it is an active force, humanising in its influence and inspiring in its ideals.

QUESTION OF MINERS' WORKING HOURS.

No reference to the coal question would be complete without including that of hours. The primary duty of a trade union, the one that comes first and foremost before all others, is the finding of, and the maintenance of its members in employment.

Of all methods of achieving this, none is more popular with them than the reduction of hours. It is so simple a process. Assume there is available work to be carried out which needs, say, forty thousand hours work in one month. With a normal week of fifty hours per week, work would be available for 200 men. But 222 could be employed if the week were reduced to forty-five hours. Little fault could be found with such a policy directed towards a week-and-a-half or even a seven-hour day for the Coal Industry if other nations followed suit, and that of course depends on how far labour discussions in Geneva crystallise into accomplished facts. As a buyer of coal therefore I am not greatly concerned in the matter of miners' hours, always provided the increased ship is recognised to those current in other coal-producing countries. No one who knows anything about a miner's life can fail to be sympathetic with him in his endeavours to minimise its disabilities. And touching upon this, I should like to make a practical suggestion founded upon practical experience. It is my belief that the number of mining accidents would be reduced, not by the appointment of more Government officials, but by an enquiry into each made by a pair of colliery employees under the chairmanship of the manager or his deputy. The system has been followed in all this Company's Works for many years past, and it has proved most effective in minimising danger to life and limb.

THE MARKETING SIDE.

Passing to the marketing side of coal, I have been closely associated for the past twenty-five years with the purchase of the gas coal required by this Company, and I can unhesitatingly say it has never been a member of any buying ring or other like organisation. It has always bargained separately and independently for its supplies of coal.

COMPULSORY AMALGAMATIONS OF COLLIERIES.

The compulsory amalgamation of colliery undertakings is to be carried out by a body of Commissioners who have suggested that every colliery should have a quota of production, whether it is producing economically or not; in other words, that the well-managed collieries will be prohibited from working full if the demand falls off. Of all proposals this seems to me the most undesirable.

And, finally, we are to be required to tax companies to contribute to a subsidy fund in order that the foreigner may buy his coal at a lower price than we shall ourselves. The Samuel Commission expressed itself very clearly against the soundness of such a proposal.

LORD MELCHETT'S VIEW.

Lord Melchett, summing up the position as to the main factors needed to re-establish the coal industry in this country on a sound economic basis, says that it needs internal reorganisation in technology, in commercial control, in labour relations, and in the breaking down of uneconomic units. I believe there are a sufficient number of enlightened coalowners men in that industry to bring about such reorganisation as Lord Melchett advocates.

The report and accounts were adopted. The creation and issue of further stock was approved, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the President, Directors and staff.

"MY TEST TEAM"
by
A. G. GARDINER

THE curtain is about to be rung down on the cricket season in Australia, and Woodfull and his comrades are packing their bags for England.

What are the prospects of the adventure?

Can we hold our own against the invaders and keep possession of the championship which we regained at the Oval in 1926 and retained in the struggle in Australia in 1928-29?

These are the questions that are exercising the cricket world and filling the columns of the Press with speculations, forecasts and controversies.

I find myself in some disagreement with the general opinion that we have a harder nut to crack than we had in 1926. In batting I agree that it is so. Bradman and Jackson are undoubtedly a tremendous accession to the scoring potentialities of the team.

Great Macartney

They constitute, with Woodfull, Ponsford and Kippax, as formidable a bunch of batsmen as have ever come from Australia. I do not think they are more formidable than our first five batsmen should be, but they are not inferior, and they are much younger.

But though Bradman and Jackson are a great addition to the batting strength of the side, there must be put against this fact the disappearance of Macartney, who was easily the star of the 1926 combination and the greatest all-round cricketer of his generation.

His place as such in the Australian team is quite unfilled.

And when we turn to the question of bowling strength, it seems clear that the team, so far from being stronger, is definitely weaker than that of 1926.

There is no fast bowler comparable with Gregory, and no slow bowler of quite the calibre of Mailey. Grimmett and Wall are probably the pick of the attack.

Grimmett we know, and it is no injustice to him to say that we have half a dozen bowlers who are at least his equal.

Wall is new to England, but his performances in Australia need not fill us with alarm. In bowling we are certainly not inferior; almost certainly the stronger.

Finally, I am among those who think the Australians have made a blunder in dropping Ryder.

Whether he was the right man for captain I do not venture to say, but as a batsman he was a Gibraltar of a man, always most formidable when the need was greatest.

A stout lad

I have never seen a stouter-hearted batsman on any cricket-field. As a match-winner on a great occasion, neither Ponsford nor Victor Richardson is his equal.

Do not think I am depreciating the Australians.

They are a great team. They are a better fielding team than that of 1926. Above all, they are a much younger team than we shall be warranted in putting in the field against them.

For to be quite frank, our weakness is age. We have no youngsters to be mentioned in the same breath with Bradman and Jackson, who have hardly entered their twenties.

If we were asked to name the five best batsmen in England we should almost automatically answer: Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Hendren and Woolley—only one of them in his twenties, two in the forties, and Hobbs himself approaching fifty.

This is a heavy handicap. It is a particularly heavy handicap in Test Matches, which put an exceptional strain on physical endurance.

LET Hobbs CAPTAIN ENGLAND!

"In spite of his 47 years, Hobbs is the choice." Below: Leyland—"His indomitable Yorkshire grit for a great occasion"

But, in spite of his forty-seven years, Hobbs is still the first choice for the team; and Sutcliffe is almost equally indisputable as second. Together these two have shown themselves to be the best opening pair in the history of Test-Match cricket, and if the question were left to a popular vote, they would be chosen almost unanimously.

Hammond, of course, is equally beyond challenge. Hendren is less so, owing to the bad patch he struck last season; but if his form has returned—and judging by his scores in the West Indies it has returned—he is entitled to his place.

On the other hand, it was Woolley's astonishing return to form last season that has brought him back into the limelight after he had seemed to have passed his meridian.

If he maintains his last year's form, it is difficult to see how he can be passed over.

If either he or Hendren is displaced, then Dhuleepsinhji would be the choice, for the objection to his selection on the ground that he is an Indian is absurd in view of the precedent of his famous uncle, Ranjitsinhji.

For the sixth place, I would select D. R. Jardine. His wicket is the most difficult to get in England, and as our batting inclines to brilliancy, it needs the stiffening which this great defensive batsman would give.

Leyland's all-round gifts, as well as his indomitable Yorkshire grit for a great occasion, should give him the seventh place.

Larwood and Tate are still the spearhead of the attack.

Should White or Freeman have tenth place? On his Australian record White selects himself. But Freeman, who has never done well on Australian wickets, is easily our greatest slow bowler at home.

He should have his chance in one of the Test Matches, but on his Test Match record White is first choice.

And that governs the choice of wicket-keeper. Duckworth's brilliancy is unapproached, and if White plays, he should play. But if Freeman is selected, then Ames, who is the partner in all his strategy, and who, in addition, is a clever batsman, should have his chance.

Here is the team as I should like to see it:

Hobbs,	Leyland,
Sutcliffe,	Tate,
Hammond,	Larwood,
Jardine,	J. C. White,
Hendren,	or Freeman,
Woolley, or	Duckworth,
Dhuleepsinhji,	or Ames.

This team is, I believe, the cream of English cricket, and, in spite of its weight of years, it can keep its grip on the championship.

There are plenty of variants, especially in bowling, and the claims of R. W. Robins, Goddard, Voce, Geary and others will have to be considered.

It will be seen that I have not included A. P. F. Chapman. I think he is plainly ruled out, not so much because of his batting failure in Australia, but because of the cause of it.

Don't be silly!

He seemed congenitally unable to resist the trap which the Australian bowlers laid for him, and that trap would operate in England as well.

It is suggested that he should be played because his captaincy has been an uninterrupted record of success. If you are superstitious that fact may weigh with you, but superstition is not a sound basis on which to select a team or a captain.

And there would be no lack of a skipper in the team I have named. If he must be an amateur, either J. C. White or D. R. Jardine, who have both had experience, would serve.

For myself I should like to see the honour conferred on the greatest batsman this country has ever produced—and one of the most sane, intelligent and cool-headed men to boot. I mean J. B. Hobbs.

But that suggestion I suppose would send the archaic despots of Lord's into apoplexy.

The REAL Things

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, in his book, "Do What You Will," says: "The only facts of which we have direct knowledge are psychological facts"—that is, facts about ourselves, our thoughts and feelings.

When we look into our experience we see at once that this is true. We do not actually know anything at first hand except our own inner selves.

There is a Chinese proverb which runs: "The eagle soars in the sky above thee, the fish swims in the water beneath; thou canst transfix the eagle with an arrow and the fish with a hook, but thou knowest not the heart of the man that stands by thy side."

Yet we know the heart of a man better than we know anything else; all else is a mystery.

The great astronomer, Professor Eddington, says, in "Science and the Unseen World," that it is a strange delusion to suppose that we know more about a lump of matter than we do about the human spirit; it is just the other way round.

Our own minds are the first and most direct thing of which we have any knowledge at all.

The most real things to any of us are spiritual things. None of us could endure life if they were not.

A dear face smiling a welcome when you arrive home after an absence long or short: the thrill of joy wherewith you greet the first primrose of springtime; your little son's kiss on your cheek in the morning, a physical act with a spiritual meaning—these and such as these are the truly human values, the realities we know best.

What a pity that we should ever betray them by our selfishness, blindness, and cruelty!

There are people who choose to live like hogs, though they have plenty of means and opportunity to make the best of themselves. They act habitually as though man were nothing but flesh. They pamper their appetites and indulge their passions without stint.

There are others who make home wretched and wring the hearts of those about them by their callous indifference.

Quarrels about money or other material possessions, quarrels due to fancied slights, quarrels originating in vanity and self-importance make shipwreck of many lives and keep many more dark and sad.

Does any man need to be told that this way of living is wicked folly? It is treason to one's own soul.

To live for real things is as simple as it is blessed. No person can be utterly unhappy who lives in the faith that the real things of life are imperishable.

If you can only love enough, pain becomes joy; you do not care how much you suffer for the sake of one you love.

For in this way we come to know God.

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TRUE HAIR GROWER

Mr. Jack Evans, widely known athlete, was almost entirely bald, as shown in photograph. He had been losing his hair a long time, he writes, but it started growing anew when he began with Kotalko. By using only three boxes of Kotalko he obtained full growth anew just as you see in the larger photograph.

From Photo of Miss Mary Little.

Dear Sirs,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful.

Several years ago I lost all my hair.

My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand.

I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

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Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower. (Signed) MARY LITTLE.

100,000 Test Boxes

Do you know that when your hair falls out or comes out on the comb the roots DO NOT come also? They remain in the scalp, and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time. Be sure to try Kotalko.

From Photo of Mr. P. Tucker,
Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. TUCKER.

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1 Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins. Splendid quality.
2 heavy unbleached Bolton hemmed Twill sheets, size 70 x 90ins. weight 4lbs
1 Fadeless Alhambra Quilt in Red, Sky or Navy, size 74 x 94ins. weight 3½lbs.
1 Bed Rug in handsome check design, soft, warm, & finished with whipped edges size 60 x 80ins.
1 lovely Wadded Quilt 66 x 84ins. weight 4lbs.
Price £4/10
TERMS: Send 7/6 now, and complete purchase in 11 monthly payments of 7/6. Fullest Approval. Money refunded if disappointed.
CATALOGUE POST FREE
J. G. GRAVES Ltd.
SHEFFIELD.
7/6 NOW

USE
SONGSTER
GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES
And be delighted by the quality of tone and reproduction.

MADE BY
J. STEAD & CO., LTD.,
SHEFFIELD

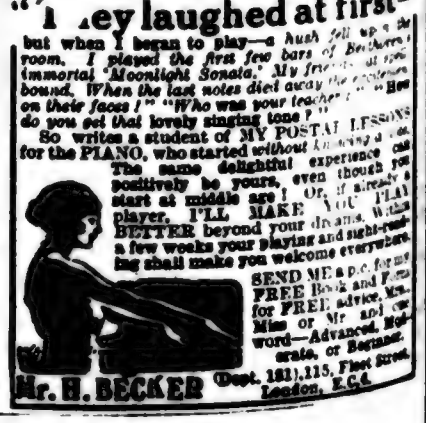
If you have 2/6 you can have this bike
What's more, if—after a full fortnight's trial—it fails to please, you get your money back in full. Again, if you like it, there's nothing more to pay for a whole month. 20 models in Mead's Free Catalogue. Write for it to—
(Dept. B434) BIRMINGHAM
or call at any time at Depots—
BIRMINGHAM
Bull St. and Smallbrook St.
32, High St., Kings Heath
148, Yardley Rd., Acocks Green
LIVERPOOL, 15, Renshaw St.
LEEDS, 88, Vicar Lane
LONDON 16 Newgate St. E.C.1
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
from £3-19-6 cash

Never Neglect a Cold

At the first sign of stuffiness, the first dry feeling at the back of the throat, put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief. Breathe the vapour. It becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You feel it coursing through the air passages of the nose and throat, searching out the germs and relieving the congestion.

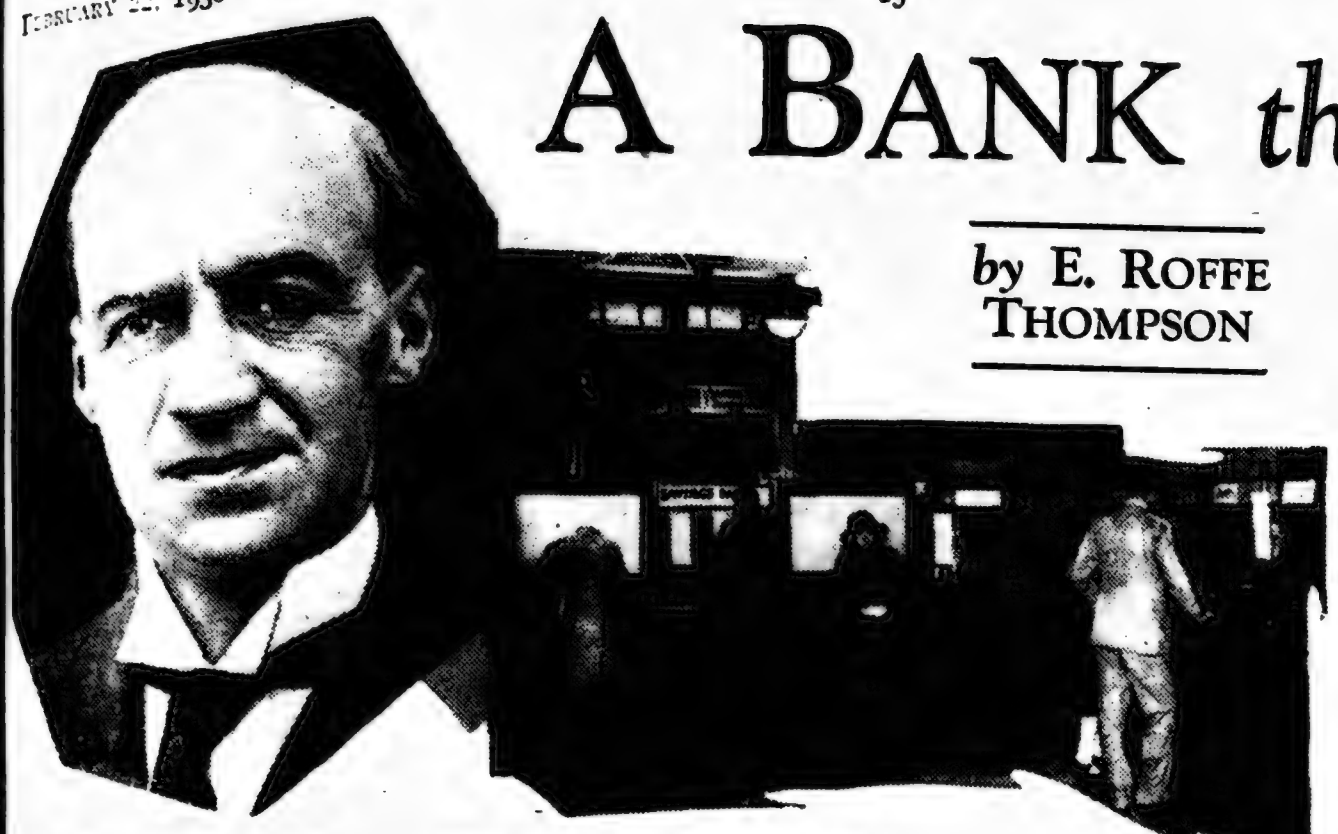
Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.6. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.


"They laughed at first—
but when I began to play—a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal 'Moonlight Sonata.' My friends sat spellbound. When the last notes died away the applause! How on their faces!" "Who was your teacher?" "How do you get that lovely singing tone?"
So writes a student of MY POSTAL LESSONS for the PIANO, who started without knowing a note.
The same delightful experience can positively be yours, even though you start at middle age! Or, if already a player, I'LL MAKE YOU PLAY BETTER beyond your dreams. Within a few weeks your playing and sight-reading shall make you welcome everywhere.
SEND ME a p.c. for my FREE Book and Free advice. Miss or Mr and one word—Advanced, Moderate, or Beginner.
Mr. H. BECKER (Dept. 181), 115, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

A BANK *that's* Gone *to* Sleep

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



"If the Government will wake up"—the Postmaster-General should hear this

DESPITE any appearance to the contrary, the British people are an exceedingly thrifty race. The mere fact that there are over seventy million industrial assurance policies in force is not bad evidence by itself of the keen desire of the working-class to make some sort of provision for the future.

But there are also more than 10,000,000 active deposit accounts in the Post Office Savings Bank, with the enormous sum of £228,619,186 due to depositors; and that does not include the two and a half million trustee accounts, which represent over £120,000,000, nor the £200,000,000 of Government stock held by Post Office Savings Bank depositors.

Then there are National Saving Certificates. In the last two years 104,000,000 of these have been sold—two a minute! Last year the amount purchased was £41,873,775.

It is unfortunate that the Post Office Savings Bank, which represents the easiest and safest way of investment for the small man, is incredibly mean. An interest of 2½ per cent. is simply silly in these days. Not only is it not encouraging—it is a deliberate exploiting of the habit of thrift.

It is not surprising that the glitter of the Stock Exchange, the temptation of the shilling share, and the lure of investment trusts should have taken hold of the popular imagination in the last few years. The disastrous results are apparent.

Scorched *amateurs*

One of the best-informed and most able of financial writers has just completed a book in which he says bluntly that investment has become much too difficult a business to be done by the amateur, and that in order to get the smallest return on his little savings he must take the greatest possible risk. There is not much encouragement to be found in the ordinary bank. Nothing whatever is paid on current accounts: on the contrary, a charge is made for looking after them.

On deposit accounts an interest of 2½ to 3½ per cent. does not err on the side of generosity. Yet despite this the deposits in the "Big Five" alone total nearly two thousand million pounds. What, then, is the small investor to do?

The latest proposal is for the formation of a huge Investment Trust which will get money from the public by selling securities to it, and invest this money in a wide selection of all kinds of securities, in different enterprises and in different countries.

It would do nothing more than invest: it would never enter into promotion or embark on management. It would merely be an investor with immensely increased efficiency because of the vast amount of money it would control.

It would in fact be a custodian of the people's savings—but the Romans had a proverb which pertinently enquired, "Who will look after the custodians themselves?"

Lurid trusts

True, it could be licensed by the Board of Trade; it could, too, be made subject to public audit; and that, no doubt, would be something.

But I somehow cannot see that a risk is any less a risk because it is put under the popular banner of "Bigger and Better."

For, as a matter of fact, the history of trust companies so far has not been too happy. It has indeed been distinctly lurid.

Many others have tried to be too clever, and even the *Daily Telegraph* at the end of last year said, referring to America:

"There is no particular reassurance in the fact that the buying has been conducted largely by the huge investment trusts which have grown up like mushrooms in the past few months."

Why should there be? They are only trading companies, and as apt to be as wrong in their judgment and in their operations as anyone else.

Well, you will say, this is all very nice, and no doubt all very true. What do you suggest should be done?

I suggest, first of all, that the Government should bring its Post Office Savings Bank up to date and offer its investors a reasonable return on their money.

The interest on these accounts ought not to be 2½ per cent.; it ought to be at least 5 per cent. If it was 6 per cent. it would be worth it to the Government.

The security of the Post Office Savings Bank is the security of the British Constitution—but there is no reason at all why the maximum of safety should mean the minimum of return.

I suggest, further, that the Government should itself step into the field, and give the small investor the chance of investing in public utility companies and the like at a fair rate of interest.

National Saving Certificates show how much money the Government can get by setting about the business in the right way. Why not try some other methods?

Recently 91 per cent. of the

No dull times like this in post-offices if they offered 5 per cent.

National Electricity Board's loan was left in the hands of the underwriters.

I do not suggest, obviously, that all those millions could have been obtained from the small investor, but was there any reason why he should not have been given the chance, along the lines of saving certificates, to do what he could?

If National Saving Certificates, why not £1 shares?

I can see no real reason why there should not be permanently on sale at all post-offices shares from, say, 5s. to £1 in a permanent Industrial Development Loan, for use both here and in the Dominions.

If the attraction of security, plus 2½ per cent., can bring millions into deposit accounts at the Post Office, how much more would the same security plus 5 to 6 per cent. attract into an Industrial Loan?

It seems to me that, handled intelligently, the Government could get all the money it needed while saving the small investor from both the legitimate and the illegitimate risks of blind investment.

Why should we hand over to any group of financiers what we could so readily do ourselves?

There is one more thing we could do without any trouble at all: we could give powers to other municipalities to follow Birmingham's example and establish municipal banks.

This institution pays 3½ per cent. on *all* deposits—and it now holds £10,274,784 belonging to the citizens of Birmingham.

In 1928 it lent the Corporation—in other words, the Birmingham ratepayers—the sum of 6¼ million pounds at ½ per cent. lower than it could have got it anywhere else. This saved the Corporation £35,000, equal to a rate of 1½d. in the pound.

That is to say, the Birmingham Municipal Bank is enabling even the tiniest Birmingham investor to put his money into the most gilt-edged stock in the world—municipal securities.

There are clearly lots of ways in which the small investor could get complete security plus a reasonable return on his money without going to the professional financier.

That is, there *could* be lots of ways if only the Government would wake up and realise its responsibilities in the matter.

Out of reach

One of the real disadvantages of even the best investment trusts—and I am not going to deny that there are some good ones—is that the value of their own shares not infrequently soars out of reach of the ordinary small man.

What this ordinary small man really wants is for Government stocks to be made reasonably attractive in their yield, and for him to be given the same facilities to buy them as is given to saving certificates.

The last few years have not given him any very rosy optimism where "financiers" are concerned. He is ready to listen to anything an alert Government might propose.

The Human Machine

Search Out TRUTH

EVER since the beginning of history, men have been searching for the truth. Sometimes they have found it without knowing what it is they have found; sometimes they have seen it and passed it by, not realising they have seen it.

More often they have created something they imagine to be the truth and then have said complacently, "This is it!"

More often still, they have never troubled to look for it at all.

What is truth? Pilate is supposed to have asked that question in jest; but there is not one of us who has not at one time or another asked it in earnest.

"We are on the right road towards truth," said one thinker, "when the things that we are doing make men a little freer than they were." And another thinker supplemented him when he said: "Freedom is not the power to do what we like, but to be what we ought to be."

Motive is no bad test of truth. If the motive is right nothing much can be wrong. Altruism is nearer truth than selfishness; ideals will get a man further than self-centred stagnation.

And truth can be reached quicker by thinking big than by thinking small.

We can all do our share towards re-discovering the big basic truths of life and making them practical policies for the benefit of society.

After all, you are part of what people call "public opinion." It is a proud and responsible position if you will only occupy it.

ANOTHER QUICK PRESERVENE COMPETITION

Closes Midday Wednesday Feb 26th

Judging the same afternoon

Cheques will be posted to prize-winners on Thursday Feb 27th

Results will be published Friday Feb 28th

FREE

NO ENTRANCE FEE WHATEVER

NOT EVEN A COUPON OR WRAPPER

£500

OFFERED IN CASH PRIZES

The first three prizes will be:

1st £100: 2nd £50: 3rd £25

but these amounts will be doubled in each case where one of these prizewinners happens to have a bar of Preservene in the house and is able to produce it immediately for inspection when our representative calls on Thursday next, February 27th. If, therefore, the first prizewinner has a bar of Preservene in the house when our representative calls she will receive a cheque for £200 instead of £100. The second prizewinner in the same way would receive £100 instead of £50, and the third prizewinner would receive £50 instead of £25. This doubling only applies to the first three prizes. *There will be 15 other prizes of £10 each and*

A CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR EVERY COMPETITOR who places the first 4 testimonials in the same order as the judges' selection.

Should more than one competitor qualify for 1st prize we are reserving up to £3,000 for additional first prizes. Thus if a number of persons are equally entitled to 1st prize each will receive the full amount to which they are entitled. This rule only applies to *first* prize-winners.

The Competition is open to anyone living in the British Isles.

Closing mid-day on Wednesday, Feb. 26

PLEASE POST YOUR ENTRY TO-DAY

The names and addresses of cash prize winners will be published in the *Daily Mail* on Friday, Feb. 28th.

There will be no list of consolation prizewinners published owing to the large amount of space which these names and addresses would occupy. All consolation prizes will be posted by Thursday, February 27th, so that each competitor who qualifies for one of these prizes should receive it by Friday or Saturday at the latest.

✱ ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to read carefully through the ten Testimonials on the right and left hand sides of this page. Against the word "FIRST" on the voting coupon put the number of the testimonial which you consider would be the most likely to persuade you to give the Preservene Method of Washing a trial. Note that each Testimonial is numbered.

Then put opposite the word "SECOND" the number of your second choice, and so on for the ten places shown on the voting coupon.

Now print your full name and address clearly in block letters in the spaces provided on the voting coupon. Then cut out the voting coupon and post it in a gummed down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp, addressed as follows:—

PRESERVENE COMPETITION, AUSTRALIA HOUSE, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

IMPORTANT.—Competitors must put the first 4 numbers of their selection in order on the top left-hand corner of the back of the envelope containing their entry. (See Rule 3.)

Rules and Conditions

1. The forecast must be made on the voting coupon. The numbers must be given in writing as well as in figures; for example: 6 (six).
2. The voting coupon must be enclosed in a gummed down envelope (*on the back of which the first 4 numbers of their selection must be given in order*), stamped 1½d., and posted so as to reach us not later than mid-day on Wednesday, February 26th.
3. Only one entry will be accepted from each competitor. If the order of the first 4 numbers on the entry differs from the order of the 4 numbers on the envelope the entry will be disqualified.
4. Mutilated or altered entries, or entries containing the same number more than once are liable to be debarred.
5. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt by us.
6. The Manager's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into and no interviews granted.

This competition is not open to members of our staff.

A GENUINE SPORTING OFFER.

We will buy any woman two bars of her favourite washing soap if she does not find that Preservene makes clothes spotlessly clean without any rubbing whatever—just 20 minutes boiling (no extracts). Try Preservene yourself for your next "wash." If you are not satisfied with it send us the Preservene wrapper, and attach your name and address and the name and price of the soap which you generally use. We shall send you the cost of the two bars of whatever soap you name without question. We have complete confidence in Preservene and in the honesty of the British housewife—hence this unusual offer.

Preservene is stocked by practically every grocer and stores throughout Great Britain.

Fleming & Whitelaw, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

No. 1. "IT HAS WORKED WONDERS WITH ME."

Mrs. F. Blair, The Gardens, Oatfield, Dirleton, E. Lothian:—"At last I am writing to say what wonderful soap your Preservene Soap is; it has worked wonders with me. I heard of it first some four years ago. A neighbour came along quite breathless one morning to tell me she had discovered a new way of washing, and when she told me the directions I said: 'Oh no, that style will not suit me. Fancy boiling clothes with dirt and stains in them!' I much preferred to stick to the old method of washing. But there came a day when I was too ill to face a washing day, so I thought of my neighbour's words. 'So,' says I, 'I'll have to do something to make work light, so here goes.' And I can truly say that I have never used any other soap for washing clothes since, and I can boast I am far younger in myself. My children used to dread coming home from school on washing days, and, strange to say, my little girl of 13 years, the youngest, said to me the other week: 'Do you never do your own washing now?' No wonder; it is all put clean and tidy away before they come home from school and me still smiling as I never could before. You may be sure I have done my best to recommend it."

No. 2. "IT WAS WONDERFUL—ALL SO WHITE."

Mrs. E. Campbell, 42, John Street, Blackburn, Lancs:—"I have often thought of writing re Preservene Soap. Now I will write and let you know what I think of it. Well, this Monday, I thought of Preservene Soap, so I put the clothes into the copper with cold water, and I took an old grater and shredded the Preservene into the copper, then I put a match to the fire, and started doing my housework. After twenty minutes' boiling, I took them out, put them in cold water, and put a fresh lot in, and let them boil. Well, it was wonderful—all so white. The visitors thought I had stayed up all night to do the washing, so I told them how I had got them done. 'But how white they are: do you put anything in to whiten them?' two ladies asked me. I told them it was nothing but the Preservene Soap. My great ambition is to let the people know what a pleasure it is on wash-day. It is a great saving among women who do the frown washing, it saves them a lot of hard work and money."

No. 3. "THE HONOURS BELONG TO THE BAR OF PRESERVENE."

Nurse B. Barton, 14, Scott Street, Redcar, Yorks:—"I must admit I never used your soap until advised to do so three or four weeks ago. My clothes either went to the laundry or out to wash. They were being torn to pieces and getting very bad colour. Being a nurse, I must have spotlessly white aprons, as you know, and a nurse has not much time to do her own washing. However, I thought here goes, and this is what I did and what I do, and what I always intend to do. I shredded half a bar of Preservene into the boiler, put my aprons and other whites in twenty minutes and let them boil for twenty minutes, whilst I did other little necessary jobs (this at night after my day's work). I was called out in the meantime, so just turned the boiler off and went out. I had no chance to get at them until next morning, when I rinsed and blued them, and found—'Oh, joy!' my aprons gorgeously white and sweet, better than they had been for months. After they were starched and ironed I felt quite proud of myself and my washing. But really, I did not do it: the honours belong to the bar of Preservene Soap. Imagine the money I am going to save on laundry bills or washerwomen. I am voicing its merits to the world, and I hope everybody uses it before long. If they knew the secret, I'm sure they would."

No. 4. "I WISH I HAD KNOWN THE WONDERS OF YOUR SOAP BEFORE."

Mrs. C. Beauchamp, 81, Broad Lane, Tottenham, N.15:—"I thought I would take the risk and give your soap a trial. Well, I did. I followed your directions carefully, and without exaggeration, was dumbfounded at the result. I should never have believed it possible that clothes could be cleansed in such a way without spoiling the whiteness of them. This is the third wash I have done with your soap, and they are whiter than ever. I should be only too pleased to show my washing to anyone who reads this letter, stranger or otherwise, so that they can see for themselves what I say is perfectly true. I have been married a great number of years, and only wish I had known the wonders of your soap before. I have been telling my acquaintances about it, for they, like myself, thought nothing could be made clean and white only by washing and rubbing in the old way. For their own sakes, I have advised them to give it a trial like I did, and find out for themselves how wonderful your soap really is."

No. 5. "APRONS AND CAPS LASTED THREE YEARS INSTEAD OF ONE YEAR AS USUAL."

Nurse F. Brown, the Mignon Maternity Home, 35/37, Southfield Lane, Little Horton, Bradford, Yorks:—"I have been a user of your wonderful Preservene Soap ever since I started my Maternity Home twelve years ago. A friend of mine recommended it to me. In houses like ours every day is washing-day except Sunday. So I went and bought a tablet and asked my maid to try it, and to follow the directions on the wrapper by shredding the soap into the water, bring to a boil, put the clothes in (white ones first), and boil twenty minutes. Imagine my surprise when I went down to lunch. Mary had finished washing, cleaned up, clothes all hung out on the line. I went to inspect them: they were beautifully white and clean, nicer than I had ever seen them before. I find my household linen does not want replacing as often as it used to do, and my last lot of aprons and caps have lasted me three years; they only used to last me twelve months washed by the old method and rubbed and scrubbed until the fabric was all broken up. I have come to the conclusion it is your wonderful soap and the method of washing that makes them last—Preservene to Preserve. I recommend it to all my patients to wash their clothes and the babies' nappies, as it does not irritate the skin."

No. 6. "A FIRM BELIEVER IN THE OLD FASHIONED WAY OF WASHING CONVERTED AT LAST."

Mrs. A. S. Crew, 73, Earlsbrook Road, Redditch: "I have been using your Preservene Soap for [illegible] years with excellent results, and have recommended it to [illegible] neighbour who, however, has always insisted that the old fashioned way is best. Her chief reason being that her husband—a motor mechanic—made his clothes in such a condition in his business, that she was certain that nothing [illegible] but the hard work of rubbing boards. Last Monday she came to the back door of my house with one of her husband's shirts, saying: 'Look at this. You wouldn't be finished so easily if you had these to do.' Taking it from her, I placed the shirt in a lid and, throwing it into the remaining suds, told her she could see it later on. She replied: 'If it will do that for me I will do it myself in future.' I allowed it to boil for half an hour, afterwards rinsing, drying and pressing it. She was astonished at the result that she has decided to use Preservene [illegible]."

No. 7. "WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."

Miss E. J. Martin, The Green, Preston, nr. Canterbury, Kent: "I think Preservene is worth its weight in gold. I wash for 13, nearly all grown-ups, every week, and one is an engine driver, and you can guess what his clothes are like to wash. Up till three weeks ago it used to take two days for my washing and I was sick of thinking about it. Now I can manage it all in one day, and it looks so nice and white, and the black and greasy ones come so clean that they look like new. I have tried all sorts of things to make my washing easy, but they only made my hands sore and my heart ache. Now, thanks to you, I am more grateful than I can tell. I have already told a good many about Preservene."

No. 8. "I WOULDN'T FACE A WASH-DAY WITHOUT IT—NOT FOR WORLDS."

Mrs. W. F. Williams, 161, Dorning Street, Wigan: "I have been a regular user of Preservene Soap for the last [illegible] I use it for everything. It is ideal for cleaning [illegible] for it just removes the dirt and doesn't harm the [illegible] in the least. I find it a worker in itself for spring [illegible] saves me quite a small fortune with my curtains and [illegible] and I wouldn't face a washday without it [illegible] for work. I use it for everything, curtains as well. I am [illegible] singing its praises wherever I go. My friends laugh at me, but I notice that one by one they are all getting [illegible] habit."

No. 9. "THE RESULTS WERE AMAZING."

Mrs. Kathleen Curry, Institution Road, [illegible], Co. Derry, Ireland: "I should like to tell you how wonderful your Preservene Soap is. I have used it for the last few months and think if people knew of its cleansing and antiseptic qualities they would never use any other. I always feel the clothes have been disinfected as well as beautifully white when they come out of the boil. I have also used Preservene on carpets and rugs, also on a suite of furniture, and the results were amazing. It brings up bright colourings especially and makes things like new. I have told several friends about it and they have tried and continued to use your Preservene and are sorry they had not tried it before. Wishing your [illegible]"

No. 10. "NO RUBBING—CLOTHES BEAUTIFUL AND WHITE."

Mrs. L. Carter, 22, Luton Road, Barton, [illegible]: "I have much pleasure in writing these few lines to show how much your soap is appreciated by me. I used to dread washday, as I have a very sensitive skin, and all the well-known soaps (and I have tried all) used to leave my hands in a dreadful state, and my fingers used to be [illegible] now that I use Preservene I have no trouble at [illegible] Not only that, the washing is done and over in an hour [illegible] and it always used to be nearly tea time before I [illegible] It's a great boon to mothers who have large [illegible] would like them all to know how much easier the Preservene Way is—no rubbing—clothes beautifully white [illegible] and silks keep their whiteness and softness right to the [illegible] Apart from that the clothes last longer and do not get frayed edges as in rubbing. I have told scores of women [illegible] business (drapery) and I come in contact with [illegible] When one has found by experience what a boon and [illegible] Preservene Soap is I think it our duty to help [illegible] their work lighter by telling them what it has done for me and how much it can help them. I use it for [illegible] hair, and anything needing soap, and it never [illegible] me."

THE JUDGING

The judging will be carried out by two [illegible] experts (whose names and addresses will be published with the prize list), in conjunction with G. R. Whitelaw, of Fleming & Whitelaw, the competitors whose selection most nearly corresponds with the judge's selection in order of merit will be declared prizewinners.

FILL IN AND CUT OUT NOW!

VOTING COUPON.

First.....	Sixth .....
Second	Seventh .....
Third	Eighth.. .....
Fourth.....	Ninth .....
Fifth.....	Tenth .....

Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

Address .....

.....

J.B. Please write clearly in block letters.

Please cut neatly along these dotted lines.

£1,000 Guarantee

that these letters are genuine, selfwritten and uninvited and that no money has been paid for them.

We have over 10 000 of such testimonials on our files which are open to inspection by any genuine enquirer at our offices in Australia House, Strand, London, W.C 2

PRESERVENE SOAP

Saves 1/- each wash

Saves 3 hours work

Aldwych

The Political PARROT DISEASE

PARROT disease, it is becoming increasingly obvious, is not entirely the concern of doctors and bird-keepers. It has infected several well-known politicians and at least two newspaper proprietors.

Its symptoms are the reiterated screeching of old-time slogans, which held the attention of the electorate twenty-five years ago, but which now have lost their early appeal.

We remember these ancient arguments about the unheard-of prosperity enjoyed by nations which had raised prohibitive tariff-walls, and the trade depression in our own country consequent on our adherence to the policy of Free Trade.

We remember also how, when the issue was threshed out and fought out at the polls, it was unhesitatingly rejected.

Much water, and blood, has flowed under the bridge since Joseph Chamberlain's time, but the position of British commerce is fundamentally the same to-day as it was then.

We still remain a great manufacturing and exporting nation, to whom free imports are absolutely vital if our costs are to be kept at the lowest possible level without further encroaching on the wages of our workers.

Unemployment is widespread, but so it is in other countries. The United States have no unemployment relief, and therefore no official figures; but it is computed that in spite of the prosperity they enjoy in comparison with Great Britain there are between three and four million Americans out of work.

FRANCE certainly has no unemployment, and her exports are thriving. Why? Not because of Protection, but because of the depreciation of the franc as against the high level of British sterling, which has given France an artificial and temporary advantage in prices on the foreign markets.

Germany, at the end of September, 1929, had 758,000 *trade unionists alone* unemployed. Figures are not available for non-union labour.

Unemployment, which, after all, is by far our biggest problem, must be approached from a wider basis than that of tariff imposts.

For example, this generation has seen enormous strides made in the development of machinery.

Output has increased, but the working man, in many instances, has had to suffer because of the displacement of labour. Ultimately, inventions through the cheapening of prices create higher demand, and therefore more employment.

But the "ultimately" is sometimes long in coming, and meanwhile men are out of work. If our prophets of rationalisation would see to it that for every labour-saving development the workers were given at least some advantage in hours and wages, they would do far more to abolish unemployment than by shouting the odds on Protection.

* * *

Without Fear or Favour

THE cooing of the political doves over the happier fate of the Coal Bill was premature. The whole wrangle leaves JOHN BULL cold. Whatever the upshot, is it certain that the "salvation" of the industry will not be secured at the expense of the general public?

He'll Carry the Baby

The immediate prospect is that the householder will have to pay heavily for his coal so that the export can be maintained at 14s. to 16s. a ton. As this will help Continental manufacturers to send goods here which undersell our products, the bargain is doubly a bad one.

In the Coal Bill pact between the Government and the Liberals it is agreed to set up a Commission of Enquiry with large powers.

Only incidentally is it laid down that consumers of coal will be represented on the enquiry into distribution. Yet that is just as much in the core of the whole subject as the rationalisation and improvement of the mines.

Everyone knows of that yawning gap between the pithead price and the price which the householder pays when the coal falls into his cellar—always double, sometimes treble—and it is astounding that the politicians alone are blind to this enormous incidental robbery.

Yes, rationalise distribution, eliminate the honey-eating drones from the chain of handlers, and there will be plenty to spare for good wages earned in shorter hours.

IN Britain to-day there are hundreds of British-born women who, through marriage to aliens, have been deprived of their British citizenship. Some of them have automatically taken the nationality of their husbands; others, under different laws, have not.

No Place in the World

They are women legally without any country. They have ceased to become British, but are owned by no other nation.

Now the women's organisations of Britain are making an effort to remove the anomalies in the law, and to bring Britain into line with the other countries which allow their women to retain their nationality whatever happens.

A petition has been presented to the Home Secretary, and the matter will be raised again at the Conference on International Law at The Hague in July. It is certainly time the position was considered.

Many of these international unions do not turn out happily. Often the foreign husbands go back to their own country, leaving their wives here, "foreigners" in their own homes.

They have to register with the police, they are not eligible for unemployment relief, Government positions are barred to them.

They cannot even apply for naturalisation till death or divorce dissolves the marriage. And to poor women the gathering of evidence for divorce from a foreign country is impossible.

The law makes a harsh distinction in the case of women. No man, whatever his record, is deprived of his nationality.

That argument will impress every woman. What may impress the Home Secretary and The Hague Conference is that twenty-two other countries, including the United States and Russia, have already adopted equality in law.

AND the United States go further. Just as they will not cast off their citizens, so they will not take them on easily. Marriage to an American by a foreigner does not carry American citizenship unless the wife fulfils the same conditions as an ordinary emigrant.

We boast of the protection British nationality gives. Let those who are born with it keep it.

SECRETS of the Big-Big BOOST

That Great Golden Megaphone

All the world's an advertising site these days

PROPAGANDA is a vast subject. It cannot be defined. No one knows exactly what it is, where it starts, or where it leaves off.

Twenty years ago, who would have dreamed of calling the Prince of Wales "Britain's Greatest Commercial Traveller"? Public opinion would have been outraged. We never saw the Prince like that. We never saw the obvious.

America did, and to-day no one is prouder of the title than the Prince himself.

"It doesn't matter what they say," once wrote the late Lord Northcliffe, "as long as they say something."

That amazing genius discovered that even a "knock" was a "boost." He was delighted when they burnt one of his papers publicly in Finsbury Square during the war. Public indignation gave good sales service.

A well-known publisher recently made a small fortune through publishing only the unfavourable criticisms of a certain book.

A *silent shout*

But the implication is that silence alone is the enemy of propaganda. But is it? How much was silence worth to Britain between 1914-1918? Ask the German Navy.

Sir James Barrie knows how difficult it is to avoid publicity. He loathes it. He once took his name off an electric theatre-sign. It filled the theatre for months afterwards.

No one knows what propaganda is. We are only beginning to learn. In a thousand forms it is with us, from the moment we rise in the morning till we go to bed at night. It permeates every phase of our daily lives.

"We feel a continual urge to utilise new forms of presentation, new methods of copy treatment, new visualisation in art-work. . . ."

The above is not an extract from the notebook of Leonardo da Vinci. It is a statement made by a big, living British advertising-agent.

Some of the prose used in contemporary advertising might well be envied by our great essayists.

But how does all this propaganda work out? Are benefits gained? Is it worth while?

We are spending approximately £170,000,000 a year on boost. Let us take a few items out of this huge figure and examine results.

Prior to 1928, our great fishing industry was in a bad way. People were not eating sea food. New trawlers were not being built. Trawlers on the active list were being laid up.

At the beginning of the main fishing season of 1929, the British Trawler Owners' Federation started an "Eat More Fish Campaign." It voted for telling Britain about the commodity it had to sell.

In six months an intensive propaganda campaign increased sales of deep-sea fish 27,000 tons. The industry profited by some £750.000. Not a trawler was idle. In fact, at a cost of over £1.000,000, sixty new trawlers were built.

Eat—and drink

But this manufactured prosperity does not stop at the fishing industry. Shipbuilding obviously benefited, miners—an extra 150,000 tons of coal were necessary—railways, other transport, dock-hands, tackle - makers, insurance companies benefited too.

The additional 27,000 tons of deep-sea fish sold was not, perhaps, entirely due to the propaganda campaign, but the main credit clearly goes to that quarter.

Then there was the "Eat More Fruit" campaign. Before a quarter of a million pounds had been spent business had increased by £7,000,000.

Britain was made to consume oranges in the summer. Business in this luscious fruit increased £1,500,000 in 1929, bringing the total fruit sales up to £9 000.000.

We cannot wonder that other food - commodity organisations placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the professional propagandists.

The "Drink More Milk" crusade added a 100 per cent. increase to the sales of this blameless liquid, and now there is to be an "Eat More Meat" campaign, part of the benefit of which this country will secure.

Annual fleece

We move to a larger canvas when we survey the field of railway propaganda. Competition suddenly woke up our Big Four.

They had slept securely for ages, the largest private undertaking in this country only surpassed from the financial point of view by one or two State operations.

Their annual income, for example, is £218,000,000, which is exceeded only by the Chancellor's yearly income-tax fleece.

One day road transport reared its head, and the Big Four, representing some £1,200,000,000 capital, and owning, among other things, the largest group of hotels in the world, woke up.

Big four methods

The Big Four are now telling the world, in over 1,000 newspapers, on over 246,000 poster spaces, and through 8,000,000 travel booklets.

Outside their own property they rent 4,500 sixteen-sheet spaces on public hoardings.

No one knows how much they spend, and the Big Four alone know the results. They must be considerable from what is known of their future developments in regard to publicity.

But railway propaganda does not stop here. It indulges in a tremendous amount of civic advertising. It tells the world about our seaside resorts, new industrial areas and dormitories.

Civic advertising is done usually on a fifty-fifty basis, the civic authorities providing the other half of the cost. Through these methods millions of pounds are being spent on civic developments.

The Southern Railway made Brighton as another railway made industrial Middlesbrough, and as the Underground Railway made prosperous Golders Green.

Brighton is at present considering spending £1,000,000 on developments and improvements.

Ugly thrill

In more subtle ways than this, however, do railways conduct propaganda and achieve results. The old "Come to Britain" movement, child of the Overseas Board of Trade, is now called the Travel Association.

The railways are heavy subscribers to this organisation.

Railways also interlock themselves with steamship companies and travel organisations in mutual advertising. Every passenger brought to our shores by water is grist to the railroad mill.

Lord Ashfield, master-brain behind London's mighty transport system, booked Jacob Epstein to adorn the new Underground office pile at Westminster.

Epstein makes himself the indifferent centre of a national storm every time he takes off his coat.

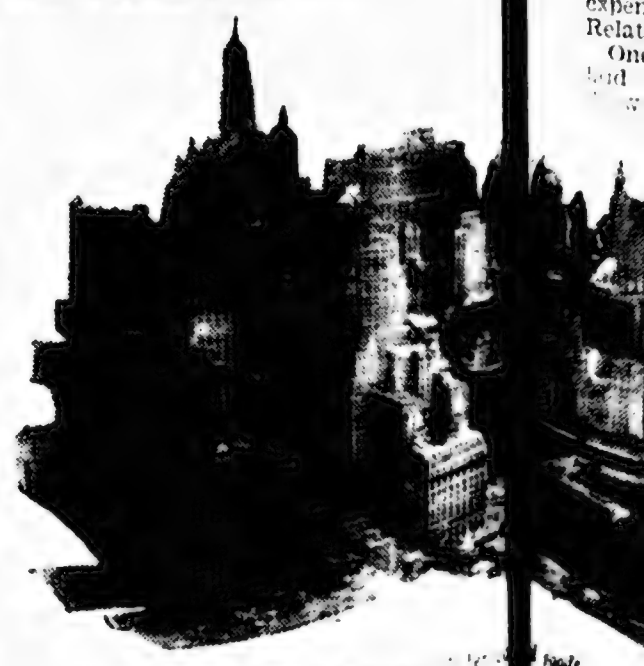
His "Night" and "Day" will go down to posterity, but contemporary controversy over their merits will bring thousands of people to the palace of Broadway, Westminster.

Burly, genial Lord Derby blows the "Come to Britain" trumpet

It is all very good propaganda isn't it?

The London transport system does no fifty-fifty advertising with the places its spaces boost—except, possibly, in regard to the Zoo and peep-shows like Parliament.

At little cost to itself, it gets some £500,000 yearly in 'bus and



America's skyscrapers

More effective propaganda than a host of canvassers —the new railway monster

"Night" will bring thousands of people to Westminster's palace of Broadway"

"Who wants a boost?" says Sir Charles Higham, our high-priest of publicity

tube advertising, and there is no lack of orders.

Yet undoubtedly the largest field of propaganda is found elsewhere. It has to be discovered in the Budgets of foreign nations—skilfully hid—in the balance-sheets of political Parties—not for the vulgar gaze. And more subtly even and at little cost in that profoundly astute practice known as "kite-flying."

In regard to national expenditure, Britain provides no example. Except for the Secret Service vote, which may be taken to mean what it says, Britain does not subsidise propaganda which tells the world about her great self.

It is left to other nations to blow the national trumpet. Germany, for example, appropriates vast sums under various heads in her Budget to advertise the Fatherland.

The usual label applied to the expense is "Improving Cultural Relations."

One notable year £5,000,000 was laid aside to this end. We can draw our own conclusions. The Foreign Office knows all about it, anyway.

Sir James Barrie loathes publicity, but gets plenty of it in spite of himself

Other countries spend similar sums in similar secrecy to boost themselves to the world—especially where trade lies. America spends millions subsidising her steamships to show her flag.

Without this subsidy the United States would join Switzerland among the lesser maritime commercial nations.

France, however, remains thrifty in this respect; but all the world goes to Paris before it dies, and in any case her great land and sea armaments keep her bright on the map, and always will do so while she remains liable to be the cockpit of Europe.

Potted politics

Our own political Parties propagandise in various ways. The old methods of rushing politicians all over the country to rally opinion by making speeches is more or less dead.

To-day, the three Parties maintain keen, analytical minds trained in Universities, and they staff their respective research laboratories with them.

The duty of these laboratories is to apply vivisection to statistics and facts, and, from the results of the experiments, body is supplied to political articles published in the Press under distinguished names.

One Party runs a sheet for distribution in Fleet Street which is a credit to the cause of propaganda, and politics for many years will act on the information supplied in the famous Liberal Yellow Book, which may be regarded as an Academy medal exhibit of laboratory labour.

Politics, like commerce, has discovered that the newspaper gives better propaganda value than any other medium. Hence articles are written instead of speeches made.

Bogey-man

The Press does not "splash" political speeches in these days of limited space, but the specially written article receives all the publicity a newspaper can give it.

The minor side of political propaganda is mainly left to the cartoonist to "sell." The Baldwin pipe, an innocent appendage of that distinguished man, is worth untold value to the Party for propaganda purposes.

It is on a par with the assiduously cultivated air of venom which Mr. Maxton adopts, to give himself a sinister air presumably in line with his political convictions.

Then there are the MacDonald moustache, the Churchill hats, the Lloyd George locks (although Mr. Lloyd George would still be the master advertiser of politics without his silvery hair), and the Jix high collar.

They are all meat to the cartoonist, who, in his way, is the greatest propaganda-spreader of his kind.

We have little space to deal with the Machiavellian craft of "kite-flying." It is an art in itself, as tortuous and powerful as any form of propaganda extant.

It is the method adopted to launch the majority of big political and national moves in this country. The move is first floated as an innocent kite over the unsuspecting heads of the populace.

A blameless moment is chosen —such as an interview on an entirely different matter, or an address or after-dinner speech before a learned or commercial body.

Somewhere in the statement a hint is dropped, apparently as a sort of accidental afterthought.

The hint contains the germ of the big idea, and it is seized eagerly by the Press, and the nation's interest is whipped to the highest point of interest in discussing it.

Soundings

The Government, of course, knows nothing. The mouthpiece makes it immediately clear that he was speaking only for himself. The arena of discussion is, therefore, left free from official interference.

During the last few years, most of the major questions of high politics and national policy have been floated on the public for discussion through official inspiration.

In this way is the public mind sounded and public feeling gauged. Action is shaped according to public reaction.

Who, at certain intervals, is responsible for Anglo-American public discussion on the war debt question?

One hundred and seventy million people are suddenly shut out from enthralling reading on murder and baseball and find news flooded with the query as to whether or not the American debt should be cancelled.

International bankers might know something about this change. They want the debt cancelled. It's bad for international trade. Debate makes the public its own tutor. One day one hundred and twenty million people will see that debt is all wrong.

All bankers live on hope.

Where will all this propaganda and boost stuff end? What are the limits? Will the lusty baby become a world-striding colossus and command the conduct and thought of all humanity for all time?

In the world of politics, no man knoweth, but in industry, echo, in the great golden megaphone, answers: "I am prosperity."

Why do so many Doctors prescribe Bemax?

Because Vitamin B deficiency is serious

Bemax has won rapid success because it is based on important scientific facts. It meets one of our greatest dietetic needs by correcting the deficiency of Vitamin B in modern diet.

Bemax is the richest known natural source of Vitamin B. It has been proved to put a check on deficiency diseases. Within a few days of taking Bemax, marked improvement in the bodily condition follows.

Coupon for Free Tasting Sample and Booklet "New Facts on Health"
(Please write clearly in Block Capitals)

Name .....

Address .....

JB .....

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VITAMINS (1938) LTD. (Dept. J.B.1),
38 Dunemere Street, London, S.W.15

BEMAX

The most concentrated extract of natural B Vitamin.

In 2/6 tins—From all Chemists and Stores.

For your throat

The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are manufactured from pure glycerine and the fresh juice of choice ripe black currants by a special process which conserves the full value and flavour of the fruit. They have a demulcent and mildly astringent effect, most useful in allaying simple irritations of the throat. They dissolve slowly and uniformly, and have a delicious, slightly acidulous flavour which is most refreshing.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**
Your Chemist sells them
8° & 1/3 Per Box

Real Life Stories—

—by Famous Authors

THE TOMB

". . . Monks walking two and two, some bearing candles, and one of them swinging a censer"

"THERE was a house in the village," Pedro said—"a bad case. The devil had entered the house and must be driven out. . . ."

by

FRANCIS BEEDING

Illustrated by Edgar Stenceley

I AM telling this story in the first person as it was told to me some years ago by an old friend. To those readers who find it difficult to believe that it could really have happened so recently as thirty years ago, I can only reply that I have personally not the slightest doubt of its truth.

"I was walking through the Pyrenees," said my friend. "Those mountains are not very high, you know, though there's usually snow on the peaks for three months in the year.

"One evening I had been sketching my host of the inn at Izal, when he asked me if I was interested in old buildings.

"I replied that I was. 'In that case,' he said, 'the Senor will be well advised to go to Ariztu, where there is a very great church, which is also very old.'

"I elicited the fact that the church in question was attached to a monastery some fifteen miles away.

"There was, however, my host explained, the fairly large village of Ariztu near at hand, where there was an inn kept by one Pedro, who was his friend.

"That night, in bed, I turned over the leaves of a guide-book to see whether I could find anything about the church.

"There was a local legend to the effect that Raymond of Toulouse, after he had been compelled by Simon de Montfort to abdicate in favour of his son, went away into the mountains, and as an act of penance founded this very church and monastery, and became the first of a line of heretical abbots.

"The monastery was too remote to be kept under any sort of supervision, and the monks of Ariztu had always lived beyond the pale. The people went in abject fear of them.

"They regarded sin as a kind of physical possession and practised the casting out of devils. They also believed strongly in purification by water.

"Next morning I started off early with my guide. The road was steep, and my progress was not speedy.

"At about six o'clock I saw beneath us the village of Ariztu and just beyond it a big, white church surrounded by a cluster of old buildings.

"Not long afterwards I was seated at the only inn in the place conversing with the excellent Pedro.

"I found Pedro quite ready to talk about the building, but not inclined to be very communicative about the monks.

"After a glass or two of vile wine, I lighted a pipe and strolled towards the church.

"It certainly presented a marvellous sight, with the sun lighting the old stone and causing the windows to flash like mirrors.

"I entered and walked up one of the north side aisles until I came to the transept. There I made the discovery of a rich tomb set in the wall.

"I determined to sketch it on the following day, for I had never seen anything quite like it.

"I returned to the inn and had supper. By the time I had finished it was nearly dark, and for a while I sat outside the door in the village street.

"One or two people passed, not strolling as people do in the evening, but hurriedly, I thought, as though they were anxious to get home as quickly as possible.

"Suddenly Pedro came to the door

Next week: A True Crook Story—

"ONCE *a crook, always a crook,*" *they say, but read*

SMITH'S INSPIRATION,

by **C. Hedley Barker**

Looking at me curiously, he said: 'The Senor perhaps is tired and would like to go to his room.'

'I said that, on the contrary, I would prefer to sit awhile in the street.

Pedro was disconcerted at that.

'It was his custom, he said, to make all fast before he went to bed, and one went to bed early in those parts. I suggested he should leave me to lock the door. But still he lingered.

'The street, I noticed, was now deathly quiet. Every door was closed; there was not a light in any of the windows.

'Pedro again urged me to enter the inn. The night air was not, he assured me, very wholesome. Perhaps I had observed the mosquitoes—a remark which surprised me, for I hadn't seen a single mosquito in the place.

'It was the custom, he assured me, to close the doors at nightfall.

'He was sorry, but, if the Senor insisted, he also must insist. If the Senor was destined to be damned for ever then it was Fate, and he would not let the Senor out.

'Well, I did not choose to be locked out all night, so, somewhat mystified, entered the inn. Pedro at once locked the door.

'It was possible, he said, that in the night I should hear things. But there was no need to pay any attention.

'The Holy Fathers were, he believed, to make a visitation. There was a house in the village—a bad case. The devil had entered the house and must be driven out.

'It was a common occurrence, and at such times one had to be careful; for the devil, if driven from one house, was very likely to enter another.

'Perhaps, now, the Senor would understand that it would be well not to sleep with the windows open.

'I LOOKED at the man in astonishment, but saw that he was serious; so much so, in fact, that I thought it better to avoid any jesting on the subject.

'Needless to say, however, I quietly opened my window as soon as Pedro had departed.

'I woke towards midnight, and looked at my watch. Usually I sleep soundly till dawn, but almost at once I realised what had happened. There was a sound of chanting.

'The room was flooded with moonlight, and, after a while, as the chanting became louder, I got out of bed and moved to the window.

'The chanting came from the direction of the monastery, and I presently saw a file of monks walking two and two, some bearing candles, and one of them swinging a censer and another carrying a silver pitcher.

'At the far end of the village the procession halted in front of a house, and I gathered that the ceremony was in progress to which my host had referred. I closed the window and returned to bed.

'The next morning, before going up to the church to make my sketch of the tomb, I tried to draw Pedro on to talk of the "visitation." But he was unwilling to speak.

'I spent the day in the church. Few people entered it.

'In the evening, when I proposed to return to complete the last of my sketches, Pedro was inclined to wonder why I chose to spend so much of my time there.

'Yesterday he had noted that I had returned from the church rather late. That was unwise, and he would expect me back well before sundown.

'Pedro's hints were, however, entirely forgotten as I became absorbed in my work, and I was sketching part of the fine Gothic screen in front of the chancel when the light failed.

'I looked up the nave and saw what had happened. The sun had been full in the great west window, and I had been sitting in the last rays that streamed into the church from that direction only.

'All the other windows were dark, and suddenly the place was full of shadows.

'I put away my sketch-book, and walked leisurely towards the door by which I had entered. It was locked.

'After that I groped my way up the nave in search either of another door or of the sacristy, where I could find someone to let me out; but the only door which I saw, opposite the tomb, in the south transept, was also locked and knocking elicited no response.

'I then took out my torch, and discovered that the battery was almost exhausted.

'The bulb glowed feebly, and I realised that I should be dependent on a box of inferior Spanish matches.

'I came to the conclusion that there was nothing for it but to spend the night in the church.

'I therefore made myself as comfortable as I could, near the door by which I had first entered, where I found a small, but rickety stool.

"FINALLY, I fell asleep, but only to wake again a few hours later, feeling very stiff, and with an uneasy feeling that I had heard something. I told myself it was something I had dreamed. Yes, I had dreamed that there was a woman crying.

"But I settled down again, resolutely bent on keeping off silly fancies, and soon I was asleep again.

"Almost at once I began to dream about those monks I had seen on the previous night. They were passing again down the village street, chanting the same refrain.

"But that was absurd, for I was not really sleeping at the inn. I was now in the church, and that was an organ playing.

"It was not really playing, of course, but I had got that tune on the brain, and so, sleeping in a church, I must needs go and dream that they were playing it on the organ.

"And, of course, they would need a light to play by, and, so logical was the mind, even in a dream, that it had no sooner occurred to me that they would need a light than there it was, a pinhead, a mere taper of light, high up in the organ-loft.

"It was amazing how vivid a dream could be. I knew that, if I were not careful, I should soon be seeing those monks again.

"Merciful God, there they were. That was the door on which I had knocked in vain when I had found myself shut into the church.

"They were coming through it now, all in white as I had seen them in the village, but now they wore great, pointed cowls, black as the shadows on the floor, which entirely covered their heads and faces.

"I could see their eyes gleaming in the mask holes as they entered the church. Each of them carried a taper of unbleached wax, and they were singing, in a high chant, the tune that had now become for me an obsession.

"Immediately on entering, they turned to the right down the aisle, passing, as they did so, at right angles to me. Two by two they streamed out of the door, their black masks lighted by the wavering tapers in their hands.

"The volume of the chanting swelled, and presently there mingled with it the crying which I had heard in my former dream.

"BEHIND the monks, in the doorway, appeared two gigantic figures, dressed like the monks themselves, but holding large candles.

"And a moment later came four others with cowls, who dragged something in their midst and passed through the door, which immediately closed behind them.

"The candles cast a momentary light upon the person struggling in the grip of the four monks, and from whom the cries were proceeding. It was a woman, young and very pale.

"Her arms were bare and lashed behind her, and her black hair streamed over her shoulders, her bound hands writhing to be free. But her four attendants urged her along.

"Soon the head of the procession appeared once more, coming up the main aisle.

"Then it turned from me again and went towards the transept, coming to a halt beside the tomb. There it turned inwards, forming a double line of silent figures. The organ and the chanting ceased.

"There was an instant's silence, broken by a louder crying from the girl, as she was led up between the silent forms.

"I heard a quick muttering from lip to lip, and caught snatches of the '*Miserere*,' that psalm which is only recited during the office of the dead.

"Then as the girl was dragged past by her four attendants, each figure threw down its taper and extinguished it beneath its foot. When she reached the end, what appeared to me to be part of the wall immediately beneath the tomb opened.

"Two of the men who were with her entered, and, seizing her ankles, dragged her, with the assistance of the other two, through the opening, being lighted at their work by the two tall lay-brothers I have already mentioned, who held their candles high.

"I heard a faint splashing of water. The wall then closed and the procession filed back in silence, straight across the church to the door by which it had entered. The pin-point of light in the organ-loft wavered a moment and suddenly vanished. . . ."

"And then you woke," I said.

My friend smiled. "Yes," he said. "then, as you say, I *woke*. At least, that is how it struck me as I went down the village street in the early morning sunlight as soon as the door had been unlocked.

"But when I had gone about halfway to the village, I was suddenly struck by an idea. I went quickly back to the church and made straight for the tomb.

"LOOKING at it carefully, I noticed that the lower half of a saint carved in stone on the wall beside it appeared to be oddly out of place, and, examining it more closely, I found that the line of what seemed to be a stone door intersected the figure about the middle.

"I pushed slightly on the wall, which yielded to my touch. The wall swung bodily open, and I found myself looking into a little room or cell.

"There was nothing peculiar about it—except that it hadn't a floor, and where the floor should have been was a gleaming pool of water."

My friend paused a moment, and then added slowly: "I had not, you see, been dreaming at all and there had been no ghosts in the church. I had witnessed the thing itself."

When all's said and done it's flavour you look for when you light up, for it's flavour that makes a smoke really satisfying and enjoyable.

That's why I say Manikins are unequalled — they are Mellow, Mild Flavour from light-up to finish.

Half an hour's pleasure and satisfaction is cheap at 2d., for that's all they cost, and your tobacconist will know you are a judge of one of the good things of life when you ask him for a packet to-day.

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·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
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All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME—

With a Riley's 'Home' Billiard Table. 14/- down brings the 6ft. size, carriage paid, on 7 days' Free Trial. Balance in easy instalments. Cash price £11/15/0.

Write to-day for Free Art Lst.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

WHEN HUSBANDS LOVE...

Mary... ..... you're just wonderful .....

Ten Golden years we've had together. Even now, I hate leaving you each morning.

But needs must. The 9.6 won't wait.

Please pass that delicious Golden Shred.

After you—I love it best in all the world.

Golden Shred. Golden Head!

Cheerio! I'll soon be home again.

'Golden Shred'

the world's finest marmalade, made only by Robertson, from fresh fruit and pure sugar.

The answer's a YOUNGER!

This invigorating beverage helps you to "keep your head" in any emergency. Things are never so black, problems are never so difficult, when "Father William" is called into consultation.

The perfect drink for winter days

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

The beer with a bit in it

EVICTION NIGHTMARE of the Sons of the Soil

"Let him show the slightest sign of independence and out he goes"

MOST people have at least one consolation—they have a good roof over their heads, and if they pay their rent they cannot be turned out.

Thousands upon thousands of men and women working on the farms have no such security.

The nightmare of eviction, of homelessness, with no other place to go to, is always before them.

Tied-cottage occupiers are those men who work on the farms and occupy their cottages as part of the arrangement they have made with their employers.

Then there are tenants, with rent-books, who may be regarded as servant-occupiers, and a charge for their cottages can be deducted from their wage.

If a man claims to be a tenant, all that a farmer has to do to turn him out is to get an order from the court. He can do it by saying that he has another man waiting to go in.

Afterwards it may turn out that he "has made a mistake in this," and there is no one waiting. But the farmer has gained his point and got an eviction notice.

The work done by the man thrown out can be done by someone else, or the "boss" will do with less labour.

It may even be that a new man can be got who will ride in from some more distant place, and then the cottage stands empty—a warning to other labourers of what happens to a man who sticks up for his rights, and does not learn readily what few rights he has.

IF the cottage-dweller is a "servant-occupier," obliged to live in the cottage as part of his contract of service, eviction is the easiest thing in the world.

Let him show the slightest sign of independence, and out he goes on the roadside, and by force if necessary.

Of course, it is not suggested that every farmer abuses his opportunities in this way. But every farmer *might*—and it is the possibility which fills the labourer with dread.

The shocking evil of this system lies in the fact that *no attempt in any of these cases has to be made by the farmer to find alternative accommodation for the ejected family.*

The cottagers may have to go right out of the district before they can find a resting-place.

The houses on the countryside are pitifully overcrowded. Rural slums are everywhere.

Moving stories could be told of men who have had to stow their bits of sticks in some wet, windy barn while they and their families have squeezed into an already overcrowded cottage. The hardship of the wife need not be described.

It is this risk that discourages a man from digging his garden and from doing anything inside his cottage to make it more cheerful to live in.

Where is our boasted English freedom while such conditions are the rule?

No one knows accurately the extent to which the tied-cottage system prevails. Farmers are buying up free cottages and tying them. About a thousand new tied-cottages are being made every year. There is no part of the country where the system is unknown.

YET there are employers and workers who refuse to have anything to do with it.

By this refusal they show that farming *can* be carried on without it.

Whole villages are known where every cottage is tied to the farms. Practically all the cottages actually situated on English farms are tied.

The infamous terms on which many cottages are held are a disgrace to the kingdom.

Cases are known where farmers have threatened men with eviction because their sons will not work on the farm at low rates. Wives are sometimes required to work in the fields or farm-houses.

Sometimes the taking of a single man as a lodger is a condition for the granting of a cottage.

There are employers of the old school who have had the audacity to insist that girls "who have got into trouble" should be sent away from home, compulsorily. The alternative is eviction for the whole family.

There was a serious shortage of rural cottages before the war, and it is much aggravated now. It is safe to say that another 100,000 cottages are urgently required.

They could be built at prices of about £300 each, letting at four or five shillings weekly—the most farm-worker could pay.

But farmers do not encourage building, unless the local authorities can be persuaded to build near their farms.

Cases have actually been found of farmers taking over a number of council-built cottages and letting them as tied premises—a scandalous misuse of public funds indeed.

The younger workers with spirit will not stand this tyranny. They drift into the towns or emigrate. Thousands leave this country every year. Soon the land will be crying out for men.

Instead of agriculture being a possible avenue of employment for the workless from the towns, more and more grass will take the place of arable, and the land will carry less men than ever.

A FIRST condition of revival of agriculture is, to make the life tolerable for those who work on the land.

The tied-cottage evil must be stamped out.

The immediate need can be met by a law that *no worker shall be turned out of his cottage without alternative accommodation being first found for him.*

That is only asking that town and country workers should be treated alike; yet that small act of elementary justice will by itself work a revolution on the countryside.

If farmers find alternative accommodation difficult to get, they will cease to put obstacles in the way of new building, as they do now when they sit on rural councils.

No more shall we have a council covering sixty-two parishes neglecting to build any cottages whatever under the Housing Acts—notwithstanding the fact that the accommodation in one area has been described by some of the inhabitants as "not fit for pigs."

No more will owners whose cottages have been condemned demur at closing them, because "they have a long waiting-list of people ready to take them as they are, and there are many others in the neighbourhood far worse."

A great deal of sympathy is expressed for farm-workers, but an ounce of action is worth a ton of pious wishes.

The nation cannot afford to stand by while men are driven off the land, homes are broken up, and an industry falls into rack and ruin.

THE Minister of Health has promised another Housing Bill soon, and hints that he will tackle the rural question. Will he have the courage to break the back of the tied-cottage system?

If public opinion supports the Minister, he could do the trick.

Then the farm-labourer will have a bit of fair play at last.

LEATHER IS BEST-BUT NOT ENOUGH

Feet must have ventilation. Walk healthily—on leather. Feet must be kept from damp and cold. Walk safely—on Phillips. Stick Phillips to leather. Only these two can give you warm, dry, healthy feet. Phillips soles, light and invisible. Preserving appearance of shoes. Money saving too—lasting the time of three.

FIT

PHILLIPS
"STICK-A-SOLES"
Ladies' ..... for a pair
Men's ..... for a pair
PHILLIPS
Rapid Stick
Soles
..... for a pair
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Ask for Phillips
Special Solutions,
Dyes, etc.
ASK FOR THEM
BY NAME.

PHILLIPS
SOLES AND HEELS

"You can always rely on Wills's, and their CAPSTAN are the most satisfying cigarettes on the market."

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

5 for 3d. 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
Plain or Cork-Tipped.

For the Pipe Smoker
"CAPSTAN" CURLY CUT
1-oz. foil packets 1'- 2-oz. air-tight tins 2'-

JB

CC 22

Why do men like to dance with her?

NOT merely because she is a good dancer. She dances as if she *enjoys* it. She radiates vitality. Nothing seems to tire her.

Her simple rule is—Wrigley's after every meal. The great secret of feeling fresh is to keep the *mouth* fresh. And the pure, cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. And sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's also aids digestion. And cleanses the teeth. It is recommended by doctors and dentists—for reasons of health, of mouth hygiene and of efficiency.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure Mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British workmen with Empire materials.

WRIGLEY'S

1D PER PACKET

E.K.10

Stinging, Shooting Corns Banished

This is no fanciful picture: it represents facts. They are best told in the customer's own words:—

"I used paints and plasters for my corns, but could not sleep at night for the stinging pain shooting through them. I gave Radox a trial. As my corns were so obstinate I used two tablespoonfuls of Radox to a gallon of hot water and soaked my feet for half to three-quarters of an hour, keeping the temperature at 100 to 102. With this treatment my obstinate corns gave way to Radox. I can now walk with ease, but before using Radox I walked with agony. My corns are old-timers of 25 years' standing."
D. M., Hull.
6th Jan., 1930.

Radox contains four different salts, each of which fulfils a different purpose. One banishes odour and perspiration, one is Antiseptic, one softens the water, and one releases Oxygen which carries the softening salts right to the roots of corns and loosens them so that they may be lifted out bodily, root and all. Only in Radox do you get this fourfold combination.

1/6 *Half-Pound Pink Packet*

RADOX BATH SALTS

Give your Feet that "Kruschen Feeling"

At all Chemists, 1/6 per ½-lb. packet. 2/6 double quantity.

Conquer Sore Throat

ATTEND to that Sore Throat at once—with Formamint. These disinfecting tablets effectively cure Sore Throat and prevent the onset of unpleasant infections such as Influenza and Colds.

FORMAMINT
WULFING BRAND
At all Chemists at 2/6 per bottle.
GEVAERT LTD. LONDON-WORCH.

EXCELLENT HINT TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

To those who suffer from acid-caused stomach disorders, such as indigestion, wind, heartburn, gastritis or other similar ailment, here's an excellent way—in fact the only way—to get rid of the trouble quickly, easily, and at a very little cost. After each meal or whenever discomfort is felt, take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in water. This instantly removes the cause of your stomach trouble by neutralising acidity and preventing food fermentation, which are the chief sources of all digestive ills. Nothing could be more logical than this, and, because 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the common-sense remedy for acid conditions of the stomach, doctors recommend it and many hospitals use it. 'Bisurated' Magnesia costs 1s. 3d. per package (powder or tablets) and it is the one remedy which you can rely upon to give quick and sure relief, no matter how severe the trouble or how long it has lasted.

Most Harmless CROOK in the WORLD

"Anxious for his wife's sake"

"Det.-Sergeant Brogden had a hot dinner sent down to the cells"

DICK BOWEN died the other day, and, though he never suspected it, his humble life was an eloquent plea for reform of our penal methods.

Once he was known on the fringe of the underworld as "The Novice." His neighbours do not know it—his wife didn't until last year—nor that he spent thirty-seven years from boyhood to middle-age in the prisons of this country.

Then, with the first chance that life offered, he succeeded in going straight.

But in his seventy-fifth year, enfeebled with sickness and want, Old Dick felt that time was running fast with him and he was anxious for his wife's sake.

Enough for two

They had been married for fourteen years, and apart from his heartening companionship, she would lose what little money he could earn, and his old-age pension as well.

He thought his sufferings had been enough for two, and in truth life was in debt to him. Before he died he told his story to a representative of JOHN BULL.

As a child Dick Bowen had lived with an aunt in the "Elephant and Castle" district of London. She worked all day in the Lambeth potteries. There was no one to look after him properly, and so he ran about the streets instead of going to school.

His only ambition was to be able to run as fast as one of his mates, a lad of fifteen—two years older than Dick—who attributed his speed to a pair of rubber-soled shoes.

Dick began to take a morbid interest in the window of a local draper who sold the coveted shoes.

Then on a fatal day the draper started to hang out some of his stock. Among the moleskins and aprons hung several pairs of rubber shoes.

Dick could not resist the temptation; he snatched a pair large enough to fit a bigger man than ever he grew to be, and ran straight into the arms of a policeman.

Sent to sea

The magistrate sent him to a reformatory for three years.

At the close of his reformatory term Dick, who was now nearing sixteen, but unusually small for that age, was put aboard the full-rigged ship *Balaclava* of London.

Knowing nothing of the sea, he found kicks more plentiful than crusts in the eight months that followed; coasting from London round to Cardiff, down to France and Spain, and back again to Liverpool, where he was put ashore with 37s. 6d. as his earnings for the voyage.

After a week's tramping, he arrived half-starved at an address in Houndsditch, London, which had been given to him as likely to be helpful. His aunt had died meanwhile.

The Houndsditch gentleman started to take an interest in him after the manner of Fagin, but he soon found that young Bowen was not in the Artful Dodger's class.

In the days of initiation Dick was derisively christened "The Novice."

He was useless for any "work" demanding cunning or violence, attempting only the most simple, opportunist petty larcenies.

At the end of a fortnight's apprenticeship he tried to drive off with a pony and trap, and was caught red-handed.

He appeared at the Old Bailey in the autumn of 1870, when he was sixteen years and seven months old, to receive his first prison sentence—seven years' penal servitude; starting with a breaking-in period of nine months at Millbank, and for the rest at Chatham, where a harbour-basin was being excavated.

Loading the blue mud into trucks was such heavy work, and Dick Bowen was so small, that he lost all his remission marks for failing to keep up with the other convicts — men fully developed, physically if not mentally.

The scanty food also got him into trouble.

Once while pushing a loaded truck along, he noticed a piece of stale bread half underneath one of the rail-tracks, and the warder caught him stooping to pick it up.

Another time he picked up the stem of an old pipe, hoping to keep his hunger quiet by chewing the tobacco-impregnated fragments.

For these offences he was brought before the Governor, Captain Ferguson, popularly called "Bread-and-Water Jack," who gave him three days on bread and water for each offence.

Thereafter he sank into a miserable apathy and made no effort to obtain his "Blue."

CRUEL OLD DAYS

FORTY-FIVE convictions for small thefts, including three terms of penal servitude dating back to 1877, is the record of Charles John Plume. He got five years for stealing a coat.

"A bit stiff, wasn't it?" remarked Magistrate Bingley, binding the man over and releasing him on a new charge. "The courts don't do that sort of thing nowadays."

At last, when he had served six years and four months, at the age of twenty-two, he was given ticket-of-leave, discharge-money, £3, being paid to Prisoners' Aid Organisation, which was to look after him.

As soon as the money was spent he appeared again at the Old Bailey—on a clumsy attempt to steal a horse harness. The sentence was six years and the eight months that remained to run on his last sentence.

After the preliminary [illegible] at Millbank, Portsmouth, Prison [illegible] him for six years.

When released this time he went directly to the East End, to be arrested almost immediately for stealing some copper valves.

Although "The Novice" was now listed as an habitual criminal, the sentence was the lightest he had yet received—five years.

Fortunately, this official sentence was far surpassed by the humanity of individual legal officers.

"The Novice" had the most affectionate respect for the detective responsible for his last two convictions.

This officer, Detective-Sergeant Brogden, who later was wounded in the seige of Sidney Street, and another, Detective-Sergeant Gurdle, were the first two men to treat him as a human being.

Mr. Brogden had a hot dinner sent down to the cells from a neighbouring coffee-shop while "The Novice" was awaiting removal from the Old Bailey.

A new life

From that day Dick Bowen took a brighter view of life; he agreed afterwards "that even the Governor was a gentleman if the warders would only 'im be."

When he got his ticket this time he went straight to the Salvation Army. He explained that he had been in person since boyhood, and was almost immediately [illegible] a clerkship, a welcome, a supper and the promise of work next day.

Soon he was going happily about the streets all day, driving a delivery-van for the Army.

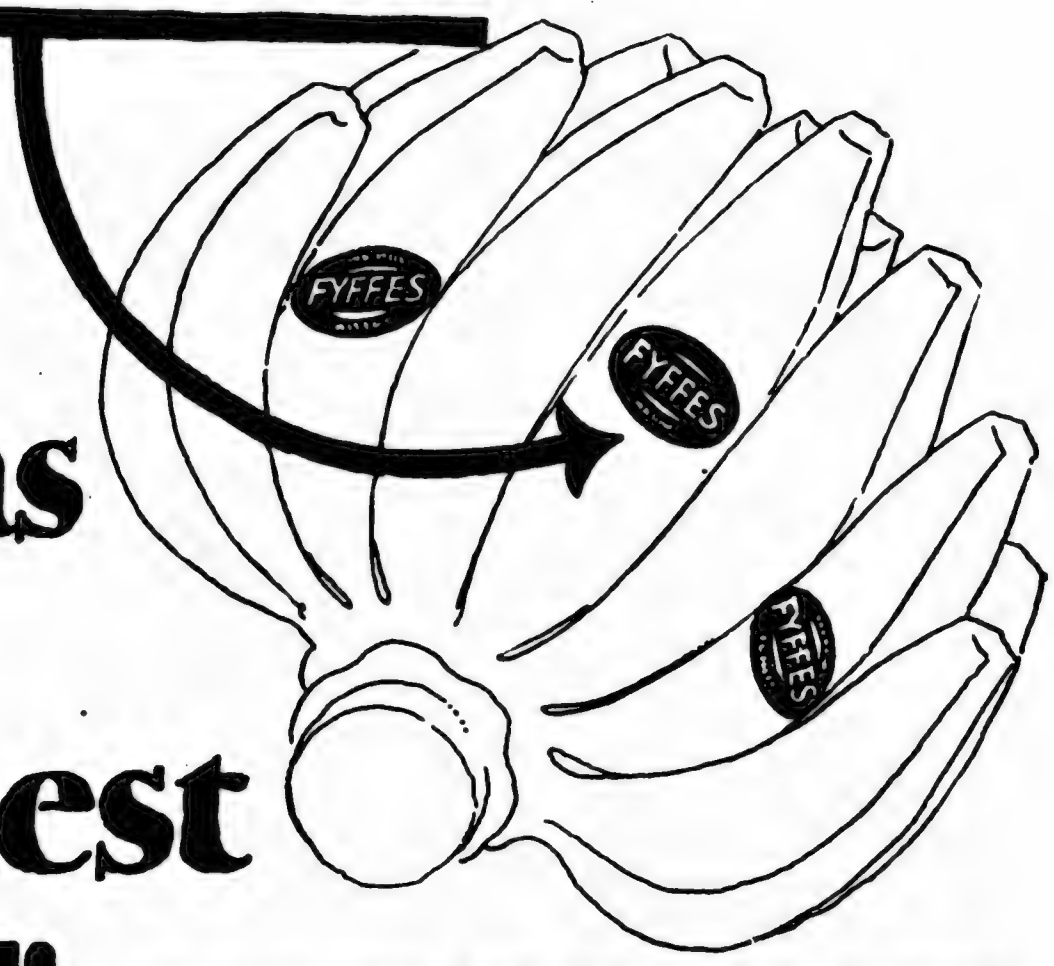
One day in 1[illegible] he was stopped by Sergeant Brogden. The detective provided Dick with clothes and a job.

He started on the Monday at 24s. a week, driving a horse-lorry for the contractor, and held the job for over twenty years—until the old horse business was driven off the streets by the advent of the motor.

But the time his employer had up Dick the stable of 150 horses had qualified for the old-age pension.

There was no rancour in this man. With his last breath he struggled to recall the names of the few people who were toffs to 'im. Detective-Sergeants Brogden and Gurdle, Mr. Cairns, the magistrate, and Mr. Simmons, the court missionary.

Buy Blue Label the ripe bananas with the finest flavour



For thirty years Fyffes have brought you perfect bananas. Now you can tell Fyffes Bananas by the Blue Label.

Fyffes Bananas are imported in Fyffes own line of special ships; perfectly ripened in Fyffes wholesalers' scientific ripening rooms.

So buy Blue Label Bananas——

AND SAY FYFFES FOR SHORT.

BLUE LABEL
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BRAND
BANANAS

To-day Fyffes, as they have done for years, bring more Empire Bananas from Jamaica than all other importers.

ELDERS & FYFFES, LTD.

REMARKABLE

"My husband broke his leg through a motor-cycle accident, and when the plaster was removed the skin was torn off as well. The wound grew bigger and deeper until it reached from his hip to his knee. Twelve months' hospital treatment, including a skin-graft, brought no recovery, and his leg even turned black. He came home and was so ill he was forced to go to bed, and the doctor advised him to have his leg off at the thigh. This nearly broke my heart, and I begged him to try Clarke's Blood Mixture. After he had taken five bottles the wound was healthy and red, so we kept on with Clarke's Blood Mixture till his leg was completely healed. Now he has been back in his old job six months, on his feet all day, and the wound has never troubled him since."

Mr. Jorgensen

Mrs. JORGENSEN,
9, Smyrna Street,
Plasmarl,
Swansea.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

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REMOVES THE CAUSE

of the complaint from the blood and so is especially valuable in the treatment of

The Blood, Skin, Glands, Joints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Eczema, Sores, Abscesses, Ulcers.

3/- per bottle—six times the quantity, 12/-.
Avoid cheaper imitations said to be "just as good."

England a Cold- & Cough-Free Nation?

Amazing Results from

"Mentholatum"

So many people are quickly getting rid of their Colds and Coughs, Nasal Ailments, Catarrh, etc., that it is confidently expected that there will not be one quarter of these ailments prevalent this winter. **Nobody NEED suffer!**

No Home can **afford** to be without "Mentholatum" **Balm**—there seems no end to its multitudinous uses—Skin Ailments, Chilblains, Chapped Skin, Headaches, Neuralgia, Bruises, Burns, etc., are all equally benefited—even Sore Throats and Respiratory Congestion are relieved!

750,000 FREE SAMPLES

There are two ways of getting "Mentholatum"—by sending a 1½d. stamp for a Free Sample together with a valuable FREE BOOK entitled "How to Get Rid of Colds," to the Mentholatum Co., Ltd., (H.3) Slough, or by purchasing a 1/3 Jar at the Chemist's on the Distinct and Binding Guarantee of Satisfaction or MONEY BACK.

JB

Leaves the skin smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. 1/6 and 3/-. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of Cheap Foreign Imitations.*

Live Wires at a DEAD END

DESPAIR PATENTED— but they go on inventing!

"The reward of Morse [above] was trivial." Prof. Baird, of television fame, could tell of the difficulties he has surmounted

These hardships should be dealt with by Sir Charles H. Sargant, chairman of the Government Committee on the Patents Act

THE way of the inventor is hard—so hard, indeed, that unlimited patience and a capacity to make a prolonged stand against adversity and injustice are almost essential to success.

It is scandalous that it should be so; for while inventive geniuses have toiled for years to perfect devices that will improve the lot of their fellow-men, nothing sound and useful has been devised to secure their proper reward.

An incredible number of official obstacles are put in the way of the man who wishes to secure legal protection for any idea he may have evolved.

To gain "protection" he must first of all file what is known as a provisional specification, instructions being given to him for this purpose in a Patent Office pamphlet that is even more muddling than an income-tax form.

He is told to fill in three separate documents, one of which must bear a £1 stamp.

But if he lives in the provinces he cannot obtain the stamped form by post from the Patent Office; he must apply to his local post-office, giving several days' notice and paying in advance.

Should he then decide for any reason not to use the form, he cannot get back his money until he takes a statutory oath that he has not already received a refund.

Confusion

And, having duly given his oath to this effect, he is compelled to accept back his £1 in three-halfpenny stamps.

Alas! if he but knew it, he could have obtained an unstamped form free of charge and deferred the stamping until he actually delivered his specification to the Patent Office.

But the pamphlet issued for his guidance makes no mention of this important fact.

The poor inventor is further muddled when it comes to filling in the two duplicate forms that are called for.

He is first told that drawings are unnecessary unless his invention cannot be described without them.

For the complete specification, however, drawings are required, and these must conform to stringent regulations as they have to be reproduced.

But when the inventor files his provisional specification, he discovers that precisely the same standards of drawing are required, although they are not reproduced at all.

Here he must employ the expensive services of an expert draughtsman.

With all this amount of red-tape one would imagine that the inventor's "protection" is bound in inviolable bonds.

Not a bit of it! The so-called "protection," which expires in nine months unless followed by a complete specification (involving a £3 stamp), is almost farcical.

Any person to whom the inventor shows his device in the meantime can manufacture it and put it on the market without committing any criminal offence.

All the luckless inventor can do in such circumstances is to wait until he has taken out a complete patent and then bring a suit for infringement, in which the onus of proof is all on his side, while the legal cost might well run him into thousands.

This is bad enough in all conscience, yet there are plenty of other spectres to haunt the budding inventor.

There is, for instance, a very ominous mountain of doubt as to whether any tangible reward will eventually come to him.

For, by contrast with a few who have found the inventive faculty a royal road to fortune, there are thousands to whom it has brought nothing but disillusion and despair.

Mergenthaler, who invented the first linotype machine, a machine used in printing which is almost uncanny in its cleverness, died in poverty, while scores of others have seen the harvest that should have been theirs fall into other hands or turn to Dead Sea fruit.

It is estimated that hardly one patent in every thousand issued earns any really substantial reward.

The combined inventions of men like Whitney, Howe, Morse and Goodyear may be said to have increased the material wealth of the world by countless millions; yet they themselves received little or nothing in return.

Baffled genius

Whitney, who invented the cotton gin, was forced to spend all he gained in a perpetual fight to uphold his patent rights.

Howe, the inventor of the sewing-machine, struggled for nearly twenty years against persistent adversity and ill-luck, and only succeeded in getting his patent rights respected when his health was irretrievably shattered.

Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, was not quite so unfortunate, but his total reward was comparatively trivial.

Goodyear, who discovered the secret of vulcanising ruboer, was so harassed and plundered by pirates and infringers that he died [illegible] disappointment before he could enjoy the fruits of his labours.

The catalogue of sorrow and struggle is almost unending. Brennan made a fortune out of his gyroscopically controlled torpedo and lost another on his equally ingenious monorail.

Blanchard, who devised the first machine for manufacturing tacks and nails in bulk, only got £1,000 for his patent rights, while the purchaser profited by more than a hundred times that amount.

Apart from the hopeless inadequacy of the patent laws, the inventor is harassed in a variety of ways.

He is often a prey to patent-agents of doubtful standing, who are always ready to take advantage of an inventor's bewilderment at the red-tape restrictions, by offering [illegible] to see to all necessary formalities on his behalf for a consideration of a stipulated fee.

There are other unscrupulous individuals who make a practice of lodging false claims to the effect that an inventor has infringed their patents.

They may even commence an action for infringement and then withdraw it, in which event the luckless inventor has absolutely no redress, though his business may have been ruined.

Great optimists

Such "threat actions" are often resorted to when people [illegible] a danger of their markets being affected by a new and better invention than their own, and the law should be amended to make such tactics impossible.

Yet, in spite of all these obstacles, the optimism of inventors is perennial. Nearly 40,000 patents are applied for every year in this country alone.

This optimism alone entitles inventors to a square deal.

THE NEW
DAILY HERALD
ON MONDAY
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when buying whisky by asking for Johnnie Walker.

That's the only way to get best value for your money when all whiskies are priced the same.

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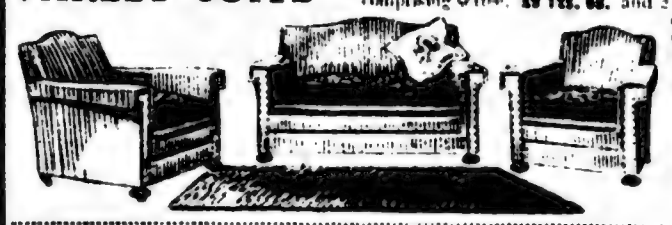
BRISBANE GROUP

Very charming Bedroom Group in beautifully figured oak, comprising 3 ft. wardrobe with mirror fitted inside the door and base linen drawer, **£9 5s. 0d.** Beautiful 4 ft. sunk centre dressing table with frameless mirror and dressing chest with four drawers, **£12 15s. 0d.**, also one chair. Suite complete **£22 10s. 0d.** 4 ft. bedstead, complete with spring interlace, overlay, SEND feather pillows and bolster, **£10 10s. 0d.** Group Complete, **£33 0 0** **14/-** ONLY.

14/- Monthly After.

VARLEY SUITE



A very strongly built 3-piece Suite, upholstered in repine, comprising settee, **£9 12s. 0d.** and 2 easy chairs, **£6 15s. 0d.** each. Four loose feather down cushions covered rich brown velour and reversed with handsome damask.

Price 22 Gns. SEND **10/-** ONLY.

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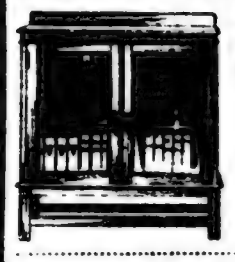

Solid Oak Bookcase, enclosed with 2 glass doors and 2 adjustable shelves.

Price 5 Gns. SEND **5/-** ONLY.

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ESHER BOOKCASE

Is a really attractive, soundly constructed Oak Bookcase, with adjustable shelves and enclosed with 2 glass doors.

Price 5 Guineas. SEND **5/-** ONLY.

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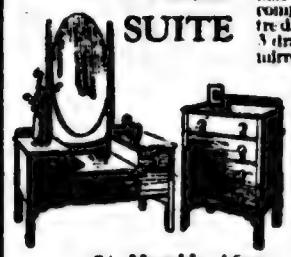

Finely constructed half Bedroom Suite, comprising sunk centre dressing table with 3 drawers, frameless mirror and chest of four drawers—finished a beautiful shade of dark brown oak.

PRICE £11 5s SEND **6/-** ONLY.

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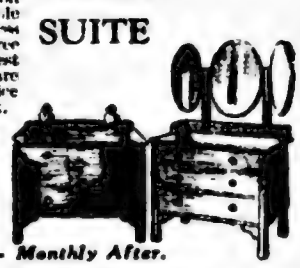

A half Bedroom Suite offering exceptional draw accommodation. The dressing table with triple frameless mirrors and three drawers and chest with 5 drawers are all finished a nice shade of dark oak.

PRICE £12 15s. SEND **6/-** ONLY

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HELFORTE UPRIGHT

Rosewood finished case. Iron frame, compass seven octaves. Pure and brilliant tone. Light touch.

Price 44 Gns. SEND **20/-** ONLY.

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DELEMANT CONSOLE

In oak finish. A "Goldenphone" model record cupboard, 12 in. turntable. Double spring silent running British-made motor. Height 2 ft. 8 in. Width 2 ft. 5 in.

Price £8 17s. 6d. SEND **8/-** ONLY.

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In Mahogany, £10 10s. 0d.
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NATURE'S way of protecting a dog against winter rain and cold is to make the dog grow a dense, downy under-coat which keeps the skin warm and prevents it getting wet.

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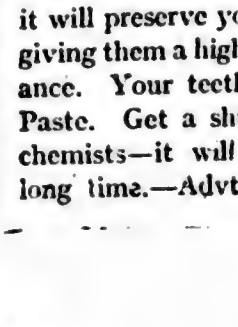
Do what all experienced Breeders do. Condition your dog *regularly* with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders which remove all impurities from the blood and tone up the whole system.

Blood impurities are caused by domesticated food and the lack of proper exercise. For your dog's sake always keep handy a packet of Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders.

Since 1892 the best-known Doggie Remedy

BOB MARTIN'S

TASTELESS **CONDITION POWDERS**



6d. per packet of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops and Chemists.

FREE SAMPLE PACKET (full 6d. size) will be sent to every dog owner. State breed and age of dog. A postcard will do. BOB MARTIN, LTD., Dept. "J.", Union St., Southport, Lancs.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING MY PRETTY MAID?

Whenever a man says that you may be sure that the maid is smiling. And you may be sure, too, that she has white and sparkling teeth. For nice teeth contribute a great deal towards prettiness. As a matter of fact, it is impossible for a woman to be really pretty unless she has got clean, white teeth. But be very careful what dentifrice you use in your desire for white teeth. So many dentifrices scour and scrape the enamel. At first, they do make teeth white. But then comes signs that the enamel has been destroyed. Decay commences to show. And that means that all hope of white teeth has gone for ever.

Odol Tooth Paste whitens teeth—but not by scraping. It does its work in a natural way. It contains nothing that is harsh and harmful. Odol Tooth Paste will whiten your teeth, and quickly, too. But it will never harm them. On the contrary, it will preserve your teeth as well as giving them a highly polished appearance. Your teeth need Odol Tooth Paste. Get a shilling tube at your chemists—it will last you quite a long time.—Advt. O/R. 7/30.

The Wife with Restless Hands

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

I AM a second husband. The widow whom I married was not well off, but appeared highly respectable, and in all the time I courted her, a year and ten months, I neither saw nor heard anything to upset my belief.

At last the wedding-day was fixed, and after the marriage service had been performed in church we held a jovial party to celebrate the occasion. Among the guests was a female cousin of mine.

The following day this cousin sought me out, looking very disturbed. She declared that while at our party, her purse, left in the pocket of her coat, had been opened and a pound note extracted.

We talked over the matter, but not knowing whom it was possible to accuse of such a mean thing, decided to let the matter drop.

The following Sunday my mother and some friends came to tea.

On the Monday my mother told me that her woman friend who accompanied her on this visit had lost a small handbag whilst at our house, and she was in a dreadful way about it because it held the whole of her housekeeping money for the week.

THIS time I felt I must take action, and I told my wife I should fetch a policeman to show that we were willing to have our house searched.

She burst into a flood of hysterical tears, and confessed to having stolen both the money and the handbag, and rather than have the police called in she would herself go to each of the injured parties and confess.

Fortunately, both friends were very kind, talked about "unthinking actions" and "sudden temptations," and as no one wanted to take action, the matter was hushed up.

I had a serious talk to my wife and matters ran more smoothly until she, to help our finances, advertised for, and secured, men lodgers.

Almost at once the trouble reappeared in a most acute form. One boarder missed a wallet containing £2, and another could not find his purse when he came to pay his account.

My wife appeared in a new dress which she declared her mother had given her.

This time I lost my temper. I *did* fetch the police-constable, but there was no actual proof of the thefts and so nothing could be done.

The very next day my wife went pouring out her woes about my suspicious behaviour to my mother. When she left, my mother missed a ten-shilling note.

My patience is exhausted, and I have told my wife I will leave her.

She retorts that if I do she will come on me heavily for maintenance, because in a month or two she is expecting a child.

"HUMANIST" says: Your wife is a kleptomaniac needing medical advice for her cure. You are extremely unfortunate, but it is your duty to stand by and provide a home for your coming child.

Such cases are not incurable, and it may be the coming of a child will change her attitude towards life.

GIRL FORGAVE
her lover thrice

FROM being an apprentice in the shop my employer promoted me to the job of traveller.

I covered a large area, calling on farmers, collecting accounts, and booking big orders. I was doing well, and became engaged to be married on the strength of it.

One day I had the misfortune [illegible] lose a couple of notes, how I [illegible] not. But, hoping to retrieve the [illegible] I omitted one account from [illegible] cashing-up to make the [illegible] balance.

Meanwhile, my reports were [illegible] questioned, and the case with [illegible] I covered my defalcations proved [illegible] undoing. I began to develop a [illegible] for gambling.

That "big coup" never came [illegible] end one day, becoming panicky, [illegible] faced the facts and discovered that [illegible] owed my firm £50.

I confided my worry to the girl [illegible] loved, and instead of blaming me, [illegible] told me to cheer up, and if we both [illegible] practised strict economy she would [illegible] help me, and bit by bit we would [illegible] it off.

I accepted her offer and took [illegible] money week by week; but like a fool [illegible] I still hung on to the hope of paying [illegible] all back at a swoop and went on [illegible] plunging.

By this time I daren't reckon up [illegible] what I owed, for it had I know [illegible] topped £200.

The climax came when my firm [illegible] worried that the round was not being [illegible] well, changed my route and sent [illegible] another traveller.

Not daring to face the music, I fled. [illegible] My firm, instead of prosecuting, [illegible] accepted my father's offer to refund [illegible] the shortage.

Still my girl held true and refused [illegible] to take the freedom that I offered [illegible] her; but I could not run straight, and [illegible] after one more lapse she refused to [illegible] see me or have anything more to do [illegible] with me.

My letters are not answered, but [illegible] she has not returned my engagement [illegible] ring, so what can I do to win her back?

"HUMANIST" says: Say rather what [illegible] can you do to win back manliness and [illegible] self-respect and put your own life on [illegible] a better footing.

If you play a straight game your [illegible] girl may reconsider her attitude. [illegible] Meanwhile she is better without you, [illegible] and you ought to have more sense [illegible] than to think otherwise.

JILT'S SECRET
broken engagement

A YEAR ago I met a man with [illegible] whom I thought myself in [illegible] love. I am a Yorkshire [illegible] woman, but although my lover [illegible] is a Southerner and works in Kent, his [illegible] people live near mine, and it was while [illegible] he was on holiday with them that we [illegible] met.

We became engaged, but as time [illegible] went on I tired of him and told him so.

He accepted his dismissal, but apparently never informed his people of [illegible] the fact.

Every time I meet with them they [illegible] begin excitedly to discuss details of the [illegible] wedding, which was [illegible] and which they [illegible] still think is, to take [illegible]

At first I regarded [illegible] joke, admired the [illegible] mother produced for [illegible] and even accepted [illegible] slippers from his sister.

I entered into the [illegible] ences with gusto, and [illegible] hugely, laughing pri[illegible]

But now substa[illegible] sents are beginning [illegible] feel the situation g[illegible] able.

Shall I go on with [illegible] up courage to tell [illegible] gagement is "off," f[illegible] on the marriage th[illegible] confused as to whi[illegible] best?

"HUMANIST" says: [illegible] the man, so why d[illegible] You appear to have [illegible] dishonourable part, [illegible] tell the truth and en[illegible]

JOCK RUTHERFORD'S FORECASTS *Broadcast*

Matches played on February 22

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division I.

BIRMINGHAM v. Leeds United.
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Bolton W.
Grimsby Town v. ARSENAL.
Huddersfield Town v. Sheffield Wednesday.
LEICESTER CITY v. Aston Villa.
LIVERPOOL v. Derby County.
MANCHESTER UNITED v. Portsmouth.
MIDDLESBROUGH v. Everton.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Sunderland.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Burnley.
WEST HAM UNITED v. Manchester City

Division II.

BARNSLEY v. Cardiff City.
BLACKPOOL v. Preston North End.
BRADFORD v. Swansea Town.
BURY v. Bristol City.
CHELSEA v. Notts County.
MILLWALL v. Hull City.
NOTTS FOREST v. Reading.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Charlton Athletic.
SOUTHAMPTON v. Stoke City.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Wolverhampton
WEST BROMWICH A. v. Bradford City.

Division III. (South).

BRENTFORD v. Fulham.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Crystal Palace.
Bristol Rovers v. Norwich City.
Clapton Orient v. Queen's Park Rangers.
COVENTRY CITY v. Walsall.
Merthyr Town v. EXETER CITY.
NEWPORT COUNTY v. Luton Town.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Northampton.
SWINDON TOWN v. Gillingham.
TORQUAY UNITED v. Southend United.
WATFORD v. Bournemouth and Boscombe.

Division III. (North).

Barrow v. Rochdale.
CARLISLE UNITED v. Darlington.
CREWE ALEXANDRA v. Chesterfield
NELSON v. Hartlepools United
NEW BRIGHTON v. Halifax Town.
PORT VALE v. Rotherham United.
SOUTHPORT v. Doncaster Rovers.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Tranmere Rovers.
Wigan Borough v. ACCRINGTON STANLEY
Wrexham v. South Shields.
YORK CITY v. Lincoln City.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.

ABERDEEN v. St. Johnstone.
CLYDE v. Airdrieonians.
COWDENBEATH v. Ayr United.
Dundee United v. St. Mirren.
FALKIRK v. Celtic.
HAMILTON ACADEMICALS v. Morton.
Hibernians v. Motherwell.
KILMARNOCK v. Partick Thistle.
QUEEN'S PARK v. Dundee.
RANGERS v. Hearts.

Division II.

ALBION ROVERS v. Arbroath.
ALLOA v. East Stirlingshire.
Armadale v. THIRD LANARK.
BO'NESS v. Dumbarton.
Clydebank v. LEITH ATHLETIC.
EAST FIFE v. Dunfermline Athletic
FORFAR ATHLETIC v. Stenhousemuir.
Montrose v. Raith Rovers.
QUEEN OF THE SOUTH v. Brechin City.
ST. BERNARDS v. King's Park.

Capital letters indicate team forecast to win. No distinction is made when a draw is expected.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS: Middlesbrough; West Bromwich Albion; Bury; Coventry City; Stockport County; Aberdeen.

FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Arsenal; Exeter City; Accrington Stanley; Leith Athletic.

FOUR DRAWS: Huddersfield Town v. Sheffield Wednesday; Bristol Rovers v. Norwich City; Clapton Orient v. Queen's Park Rangers; Hibernians v. Motherwell.